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A MODERN OUTLOOK

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A MODERN OUTLOOK

STUDIES OF ENGLISH AND AMERICAN TENDENCIES

BY

J. A. HOBSON

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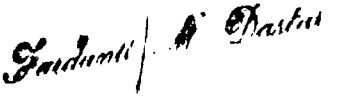

PREFACE

THE Essays which comprise this volume have appeared at intervals during the last three years in the section of *The Nation* entitled 'Life and Letters,' and I am indebted to the Editor for permission to republish them. Most of them are social or literary studies, sometimes suggested by passing events or by some new book of more than ordinary note; others are concerned with philosophical or religious problems in their more popular bearings, while a few are distinctly political. For convenience they have been grouped under headings suggested by a certain affinity of subject-matter; articles dealing with American life, some speculations upon the Women's Movement, discussions of the present and the future of British Christianity are gathered into separate compartments.

J. A. H.

LIMPSFIELD, *July*, 1910.

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I

LIFE AND LETTERS

THE LOST ART OF CONVERSATION

THE Johnson commemoration has caused many persons to ask what has become of the art of conversation through which his great personality and powers of mind have come down to us in Boswell's inimitable record. The significance of such a question becomes evident when we reflect how small and how unrepresentative a part of such a man his writings were. Though Johnson wrote in many styles, and on a great variety of themes, he can never be said to have devoted himself to literature, unless it be during his seven years' task-work on his dictionary. Finishing that in early middle-life, he spent very little of his time and energy in writing. Nor was he a great reader, though he 'tore out the heart' of a great many books. He lived for

conversation, in the society of friends, with an occasional incursion of enemies. With some qualification the same statement applies to most of the best-known writers of that day. To Burke, Goldsmith, Sheridan, literature was never an absorbing occupation. The living word figured more largely in the intellectual life of the time than the dead word. Why was this, and is it matter for regret? Perhaps we have even begged the question in treating the written word as dead. The issue rather may be stated thus: 'How far can a wise or witty man acquire and communicate his wisdom or his wit in live company with his fellows, and how far by the colder and more formal mode of literary composition?' It is, of course, evident that no general answer can be given to such a question. It is, we shall be told, a question of the man, the matter, and the company. Some men's wit lies locked in the coffers of their slow-working brains. Such a man was Addison, who, 'had but sixpence in his pocket, though he could "draw" for fifty pounds.' Others, like Goldsmith, may do poor justice to themselves in presence of a dominant personality, though Boswell does not, in fact, sustain the libel of Sir Joshua.

Then, again, there are matters too abstruse or complicated for successful conversation. Coleridge, in his broken age at Highgate, could discourse with copious facility upon 'Omject' and 'Sumject,' but as Carlyle discovered, a visit to such a sage did not allow much give and take.

Indeed, we may doubt whether philosophers as such are fitted for conversation. For they will be apt to impose a too rigorous system of tests and standards upon each topic as it rises. Neither a professorial expatiation nor a Socratic dialogue is conversation. To put two or more intellectual persons in a room is evidently no guarantee of effective conversation. They may smoke apart in silence for a whole evening, as is told of Tennyson and Carlyle, no doubt falsely, parting with the solitary remark, 'Eh, mon, but we've had a grand evening.' Or one may get his innings first and carry out his bat. There is no conversation when two continuous talkers meet under such circumstances as the famous meeting of Brougham and Macaulay, when the eager waiting for a break evoked from the French visitor the whispered comment, 'S'il tousse, il est perdu.'

It is, indeed, often contended with some

show of reason that conversation is too polite an art for Britons. If the practice of the renowned French salons be taken as authoritative, this would be true. The lightness of touch, the swift allusiveness, the easy changefulness of tone, admitting every sort of emotional expression and intellectual instrument, seriousness, pathos, irony, brief runs of logic, verbal play, even anger and invective, handling every matter, grave or gay, even holding fire for a brief moment in the hand—everything seems possible, if swift equal intercourse can be maintained among those who accept the conditions of 'the game.' But to Englishmen such an amicable intercourse of minds, expressing themselves with apparently complete spontaneity, must always retain some air of artificiality. And indeed it is evident enough that the conversation of our clubs and coffee-houses, when they were used for free discussion, never approached this ideal of the salon. In the first place, too much of the tradition of the cock-pit prevailed in them. The finer French art was truly social; as much a co-operative art as the elaborate contre-dances of the age, it involved as much self-restraint as self-expression. The topic must pass from mind

to mind, from lip to lip, brightened, reversed, adorned, reshaped : no dogmatist must down it, no monopolist devour it, no buffoon degrade it. Now the conversation in the companies which Johnson frequented was not of such a kind nor devoted to such ends. It was too combative, too individualistic. There was doubtless much amenity, much excellent fellowship in these club or tavern gatherings, where a man could 'fold his legs and have his talk out' among friends whom he met regularly, whose frets and foibles he well understood, and who were accustomed to sharpen their wits on one another. But 'contending for victory' is apt to damage the finer fruits of conversation: sound argument becomes entangled with sophistry, facts are distorted, and false analogies, flourished with brilliancy, too often win the day. In Johnson's prime there was too much of this gladiatorial display. A meeting between the Doctor and Burke was no doubt magnificent, but it could hardly be called conversation. 'That fellow,' he said at a time of illness, 'calls forth all my powers. Were I to see Burke now it would kill me.'

Yet even in such contests, though the note of controversy was too much stressed, there

was great gain. 'Thurlow is a fine fellow, he fairly puts his mind to yours.' Here, after all, lies the true worth of conversation. No reading of books, no printed disputation, can take the place of this direct intellectual contact. How much is lost by the failure of modern society to make adequate provision for this fruitful interchange of thought! 'Modern society,' wrote Mr Leslie Stephen, 'is too vast and too restless to give a conversationalist a fair chance. For the formation of real proficency in the art, friends should meet often, sit long, and be thoroughly at ease.' They do none of these things, and they think they cannot. But they are mistaken, they are slaves of superstitious valuations of time and methods. In the struggle between the spoken and the written word the latter has of recent times gained an evil ascendency; the knowledge of human nature and of life which can only come through personal intercourse, and which is ever falsified by the bookish life, is gravely under-rated. Among the educated professional classes, in particular, literary specialisation has gone far, not, perhaps, to breed a race of recluses, but to banish serious matter from all ordinary intercourse,

and to keep conversation upon settled conventional planes. Indeed, if one reflects for a single moment upon the accepted code of polite society to-day, its intellectual sterility becomes evident. In an age of specialism it is 'bad form' to talk shop, that is, to discuss what one knows best and what is most likely to inform others; any sustained allusions to religion, food, sex relations, or even politics are placed under a ban which extends to all the deeper and more serious affairs of life. Of course, grave matters are broached, for their avoidance would be impossible, but their sensational surface alone is proper for discussion; there must be no attempt to open up inner meanings, or to focus reflection.

We are not here thinking of the frivolous or light-headed majority whose conversation remains what it ever was, and is at any rate sincere, a fairly free expression of shallow thought and feelings. It is among those who must be called the 'intellectuals' that the defect, and even falsity, of conversation is so strongly marked. A light tone of banter, with a studied avoidance of depths, a perpetual recourse to the formal minutiae of the intellectual life, talk 'about' scholars, artists, playwrights and their works, anything to escape the big and

really interesting issues which everywhere are lurking underneath our conscious life!

The cause is partly timidity, but largely a mischievous and even a morose secretiveness, a really selfish refusal to give oneself away in any truly free and generous talk, to contribute to any co-operative effort to clear thought or win truth, accompanied by a distrust in this social mode of intellectual effort. It is sometimes maintained that, in a day when most men of intellect are writers, words of wit and wisdom are deliberately withheld for the profitable uses of the literary market. If it were so, one might urge that some enlightened Chancellor of the Exchequer should impose an undeveloped brain-tax, in order to stop such a churlish policy.

CO-PARTNERSHIP IN NATURE

I AM the legal owner of an acre of garden land in Surrey in which stands my cottage. I cannot dig, nor have I skill to tend the things that grow upon my little plot. A hired gardener works the soil, sowing seeds and putting in the tender plants, caring for their food and watching them in health and sickness, so that they may yield timely flowers or fruit. When he speaks, as he always does, of 'our' roses or 'our' apples, he evidently feels, as I do, that the real right of property in this produce, as in the ground on which it grows, is his, not mine; he feels the true pride of ownership, not I, for he has mixed his mind and muscle with the land. I own it by deed, he by deeds. In any court of really human equity, I fear my parchment case would easily be set aside.

But what about the rabbits and the moles which we both denounce as trespassers, waging war on them with wire fencing or with trap? Have they no vested rights in the land which was theirs before I fenced it in? Neither my gardener nor I gets his living directly from the land; they do, and in so doing come into more intimate relations with the soil than any human cultivator. Surely they think and feel the land is theirs, and that they are wrongfully dispossessed by our predatory cunning. If they could get before a court not packed by 'humans,' justice might lean heavily to their claim. But they would not have it all their own way. There is a thrush, whose confident demeanour as he stalks the lawn the whole summer long, has won from us the sobriquet of 'the proprietor.' It is his hunting ground, from which he tugs his wriggling food with unerring grip; or he watches small intruders seize their quarry, and, chasing them, takes it away, true landlord fashion. But he is little better than a robber baron, after all, a greedy monopolist, and as summer advances whole flocks of common little birds contest his supremacy. Crowds of sparrows and starlings watch our planting, watering, and

tending of fruits and vegetables with interest, for they have engaged us to grow them a large stock of food upon their land.

But some doubt attaches to the titles of all these birds and beasts who live upon the soil; one has a feeling that those that live in the earth must have an even better right of property. No one else practises the virtues of an occupying owner so well as the earthworm, his intensive culture alone is *gründlich*, he alone gets to close grips with the details of the land question. If the suit went up to animate Nature's final court of appeal, his patient, unceasing trituration would surely establish 'nine points of the law.' Or, quitting the earth and again coming above ground, one encounters the respective claims of all the insect world of bees and grubs and beetles. Think what a case such a counsel as M. Maeterlinck would construct for the bees, their skilled, laborious services in the critical work of fertilising plants, the manifest intention of Nature to make the world of flowers conform to their needs and capacities, their just grievances against the parasitic force and cunning of human exploitation. As man, arrogating to himself the central place in Nature, records in his Bible how that

all these others, beasts, birds, and insects have been created for his comfort and enjoyment, mere ζῶα ὄργανα, so each other species in this animate Nature makes its appropriate political economy. The avi-centric or the api-centric economy will be quite as specious, perhaps as valid, from the standpoint of disinterested Nature, as the anthropocentric: the undivided cloth, lifted in a different way, will fall in different folds, that is all.

But why stop short at animal species? it will be said. Intertwined with their needs and labours and their rights are those of the various vegetable world. In the elaborate harmony and conflict of organic species and their individuals, animal and vegetable continually co-operate and compete. Nor can the crude and arbitrary attempt to rule out plant rights by denying animate life or even consciousness to vegetable organisms satisfy the demands of organic justice. One might even appeal to the feelings of the interested party man against so peremptory an exclusion. Who does not feel as he walks amid the majestic oaks or beeches in some great forest, that the earth, which feeds these strong and beautiful creatures, 'belongs' to them by some truly 'natural right,' and that the man

who treats them as mere 'timber' wrongs them and outrages the wider social polity of Nature? You plead 'Man alone has clear conscious purposes, he alone is continually adapting "the environment," all these other organic species belong to this environment of his which he has a supreme right to dispose of for his advantage: he is the sole owner of the earth.' But may not the rabbit, the thrush, the bee, the worm, the cabbage, the rose, demur at this arrogant humanism, and appeal to the wider cosmic order? Are the higher consciousness of man, the greater complexity of his activities and purposes, a sufficient ground for ruling out the claims of all lower forms of Nature, and for dismissing as merely 'fantastic' the demand for an extension of the feelings and obligations of 'right' outside the limits of humanity? May it not be the case that just as 'egoism' in its numberless subtle forms is the besetting sin of the individual man, so 'anthropocentrism' is the besetting sin of humanity.

The fuller study of Nature seems to show my garden as containing numberless superimposed layers of ownership. Some of these rights of property do not conflict but harmonise: I may enjoy the flowers which

furnish food for the bees; the currant trees and the birds have a common interest in keeping down the slugs or fly. But on my lawn there is perpetual war between the grass and dandelions. Everywhere my gardener is engaged in expelling the aboriginal inhabitants which he calls weeds, securing an unfair preference for his delicate interlopers. Such is the familiar economy of animate Nature, which one can carry further into the dimmest recesses of that Nature invidiously dubbed 'inanimate,' probably because our senses are too crude to find its finer animation. Everywhere a conjunction of competition and of mutual aid, yielding some result which in its turn has friendly and hostile relations with other happenings of Nature! The net outcome of all this complicated activity we judge too exclusively from the standpoint of human welfare. I suggest that it is not really good for man to take so tightly human a view of such things as 'property' and 'rights.' The organic view of Nature to which that freer, more disinterested, thought and feeling, termed philosophy, inclines, should lead us to reflect that the Universe is not made for man alone, and that for man to think it is and to act

upon this thought is a form of insolence for which he pays a heavy penalty. The narrow, parasitic view of property in land which we are now engaged in fighting on the field of human politics is, perhaps, an offshoot of a wider fallacy, the persistent substitution of a distinctively human economy for the larger economy of Nature. My 'right' to an absolute property in my acre only holds good in the narrow confines of a conventional interpretation of certain documents constructed to express the interests of a little clique of men endowed with legislative powers in this country. Investigate my 'right,' even by application of distinctively human rules of equity and reason, it grows progressively weaker as you extend more broadly the area of investigation, until at last it stands as the weakest of a long series of rights of property vested in an endless variety of co-partners in the land.

THE POPULATION QUESTION AMONG BOOKS

THE modern tendency of the birth-rate among books to outgrow the means of subsistence in the intellectual world requires no Malthus to enforce its significance. Before the arts of printing and of reading became common, most of the great deeds of man, his finest thoughts, his noblest feelings, perished for lack of enduring record and easy accurate communication; the struggle for existence and survival in the rudimentary stages of science and history and poetry was as wasteful, as cruel, and as hazardous as any struggle that goes on to-day in the lowest organic species. Almost all that was original and beautiful or serviceable in the intellectual and spiritual life of primitive man inevitably died as soon as it was born. What an incalculable economy, what an

infinite acceleration of the progress of thought, has been achieved by the invention of printing!

But just as in the economy of the human species we are beginning to recognise that mere facility for survival and multiplication, without any selective provision, brings new social problems and new perils, so is it also with this license of print. If only those who had some new or noble thought, could utter it, so that the fruits of profound intelligence, subtle sympathy, rare experience, delicate imagination, well-directed mental toil, could alone survive in print! But what if every shallow thought, every crude and base sensation, every false and ugly imagining, enjoys this same formal liberty of publication? What if our world of thought is crowded with vulgar, ill-mannered intruders, who jostle us in every thoroughfare—nay, invade the privacy of our most sacred life—shoving between us and those whose company we seek, screeching their names and their claims into our ears, and by their very multitude and importunity hiding from us whatever is really fine and estimable in the wares they flaunt!

This is the bewilderment, the injury, and

peril in which lovers of books find themselves to-day. A century and a-half ago a quick eye and an absorptive mind, such as that of Dr Johnson, could fairly keep pace with all the new literature of his age. But no voracity could have enabled him even to 'tear the heart out of' the books pouring from our modern press. It is safe to say that no specialist, who is wider than a Coleopterist, can fairly keep pace with the works bearing on his specialism. What theologian, however devout, could handle even for private selection the six hundred and twenty-eight new books under the title Theology which formed last year's harvest? What historian could face the five hundred and forty-one new works of history and biography, what litterateur the two hundred and sixty-eight volumes of *belles lettres*? Still more torrential is the flood of prose fiction, the literary monster of the last century. In 1820, when the early Waverley novels were making their appearance, the entire year's crop of fiction came to no more than twenty-six—one a fortnight. Last year presented us with two thousand one hundred and eight new novels, without counting the multitude of serials of the periodical press—nearly seven for every

week-day of the year. In all, six thousand, eight hundred and seventeen new books, without taking any account of new editions and of the ever-growing stream of foreign literature!

Now few persons of discernment would deny that it were better for us if nine-tenths of these books had never been born. There are, we doubt not, some who decry this 'superior attitude,' and maintain that there must be all sorts of books for all sorts of readers. 'Somebody wants them or they wouldn't be there.' But this is a shallow fatalistic application of the 'law of supply and demand.' For neither the supply nor the demand for books is regulated by natural conditions. It is notorious that the actual conditions over-stimulate the supply, and produce a chronic state of over-population. There are too many authors, who write too fast; too many publishers, who produce too fast. The reading public also reads too many books, and too fast; yet the majority of books do not get read at all. Production is forced and loaded in three ways. First there is the mass of educational and propagandist literature, for the most part hasty works of ill-digested learning, converted from

lecture notes or otherwise compiled for a more or less compulsory market in schools and colleges, ten useless, or even noxious, to one really serviceable work. Again, every church, party, cause, or movement is stimulated artificially to literary propagation, and expends more and more time and money upon print. Next comes the lust for display in self-advertisement. Everyone who has been anywhere, known anyone, taken part in anything, seizes the opportunity to float his personality upon this raft, and plunge into the sea of literature. A great statesman and writer said recently that in his judgment there were only six men living in this country whose biography ought to be written. It would be safe to say that there are six hundred whose biography will be written. A vast proportion of such books are not produced to meet a genuine demand; most of them are subsidised, and would not be produced at all if their sales had to cover their full cost of production, including a reasonable fee for the labour of the author.

This question of subsidy, as a stimulant of supply, takes another and an even more perilous form when we observe the growing tendency of all other sorts of print to become

a by-product of the advertising columns in magazines and newspapers. To one who watches the advance of the great Harmsworth Press, a ghastly vision sometimes rises of an era when no serious printed matter will live otherwise than as a parasite upon the sale of teas, motor-cars, whisky, or mining shares.

But, after all, it is with the intellectual and moral damages of such processes that we are mainly concerned. At a time when great populations, packed in large cities, are subjected to the nervous strain of adjustment to innumerable rapid changes in the material conditions of life, their untrained minds are assailed, disturbed, and dissipated by the new multitudinous appeal of print. For the great majority of readers in every class, rational selection is well nigh impracticable. The mind of the million is at the mercy of every plausible and pushing party introduced by an attractive title, an interested librarian, or a friendly reviewer. Before the leisured and the well-to-do there passes an increasing procession of library books, not seriously directed by choice or taste, not ministering to any felt want, but forming part of the social conventionality of a class-life.

The strain of the population question is

always more on quality than on quantity The old, ugly shape of the Malthusian bogey has been exorcised by the discoveries of scientific agriculture and dietetic biology; the dismal law of diminishing returns is abrogated by the gospels of intensive cultivation of the soil and improved mastication. A similar economy of intensive culture is needed for literature; fewer books, better made and better read. 'Almost as well kill a man as kill a good book,' wrote Milton. But in our modern hustle of the Press, good books are continually smothered or bludgeoned by bad books, and the 'best books' cannot get produced at all, unless favoured by chance or subsidy. The resurrection of Fitzgerald's *Omar Khayyám*, and the recent rescue from burial of the great work of the biologist Mendel are instructive examples of precarious survival in two widely sundered fields. Even in fiction the writings of Mr Meredith and Mr Hale White fought an almost desperate fight for a whole generation before they won a 'public,' while in our own day such novels as Mr Conrad's *Lord Jim* or Mr Galsworthy's *Country House* run a terrible risk of infant mortality.

It is a grave practical question for those who value books and the art of reading. Out of the 2,000 novels of last year, how to know the dozen that we ought to read, out of the 400 volumes of poetry and the drama the half score that may feed and enrich the mind! Surely there is need of a science of 'Eugenics' to regulate the birth of books. There are those who advocate the establishment of some Academy of Literature, usually with an eye to the seat of authority for themselves and their clique. But these aristocratic solutions will not serve any other purpose than the setting up of some new orthodoxy hardly less perilous than the present anarchy. We return to the supreme need of our time, the cultivation of individual taste and continence of judgment, the real heart of our 'education' question, a training which shall release the popular mind from the excessive mastery of print, shall enable it to use books as ministers of thought not as substitutes, and so to get out of them by selection the particular spiritual services they are capable of rendering to each of us.

THE COMPENSATIONS OF STUPIDITY

CICERO and other sophists have sought consolation for old age in the reflection that with growing age the claims and passions of the body weaken, and the intellect, working more freely upon its fuller store of knowledge, yields an ever larger and more abiding fund of satisfaction. A vainer proposition has seldom been adduced. The experience of all times is against it. The interests of old people do not usually become more intellectual, but less. Though sensuous pleasures grow absolutely feebler with the dwindling of the vital forces, the needs and interests of the body come to play a larger part than ever in the conscious life. Nor does this apply merely to the case of those who either have never cultivated much their mind, or else have occupied it mainly in some sphere

of business or professional activity from which they have retired. The test is rather to be found in men of definitely intellectual tastes and habits, whose early and middle life has been predominantly occupied with 'things of the mind.' With very rare exceptions, such men, as age advances, instead of becoming more and more absorbed in the pursuits of science, literature, or philosophy, fall back upon the simpler human relations and the primary material interests of life. We do not here refer to the period of senility or dotage when brain-decay has set in, but to a long antecedent period when the intellect, to all appearance, retains its powers, but gets less satisfaction from their use. After middle age there comes, with most people, a really instinctive reaction against intellectualism. It is hardly too much to say that they have 'found out' the intellectual life; the pride and pretensions of its earlier appeals are reduced by experience to moderate dimensions. For the intellect is the greatest of pretenders; though its exposure is one of the great tasks to which the masterpieces of tragedy and comedy in world-literature from Ecclesiastes to Faust have always set themselves, it ever re-imposes

its sway upon the credulity of youth. The 'Age of Reason' seems to be at hand, ambitious men with far-searching minds will set in order their own inner life and the outside world; short cuts to happiness, prosperity, and progress are promised to those who shall ignore the passions which actually move life, and shall hand over the conduct of affairs to men of efficient intellect. The notion of what constitutes efficiency may shift. A century ago deductive reasoning could perform the trick, and men of intellect rallied round the standard of Robert Owen, whose monumental claim is thus recorded by himself in the Preface to his Autobiography: 'These writings are intended to effect an entire Revolution in the spirit, mind, manners, habits, and conduct of the Human Race; a Rational, Practical Revolution to be introduced gradually, in peace, with wise foresight, and to be highly beneficial for all through futurity—a Revolution to supersede a system of individual ignorant selfishness, based on the origin of falsehood and evil, and which can be supported only by force, fear, fraud, and falsehood, superseded by a system based on the origin of truth and good, which can alone produce the spirit, knowledge, and

wisdom by which to govern society perpetually on social principles.'

Nowadays, intellectual efficiency is sought through minute investigation of detailed facts, plotted curves of statistical import, and rigidly inductive reasoning. But, though methods change, it is the same great bluff, the pretence that intellect can assume the direction of human affairs, can control or move the actual motive forces. Now, returning to our standing-point, the chief reason why older people tend to become less intellectual, is that they have slowly learned to knock off about ninety per cent. from these claims of intellect. If they have travelled far in any special study, they have learned that its foundations are the most shaky part of the edifice, that insoluble problems lurk under even the exactest sciences, and that the most vitally important questions are precisely those to which the most unsatisfying answers must be given.

Or, if they are not philosophers or scientists, and do not arrive at any such clear convictions, they have learned to suspect the truth. Pronounced rationalists (we use the term in its broader sense) seldom win personal

popularity even among intellectual people; clever persons we like most when they relax and stoop to folly. Most intellectual men and women find their dearest friends, not among fellow intellectuals, but among good, kindly, rather stupid persons, with whom they can unbend and enjoy themselves. This does not merely signify the desire for relief from the strain of a tense intellectualism. It implies a certain repudiation of the claims of the intellect as guide in life. The rationalist, who constantly presses for the why and wherefore of our judgments and our valuations and opinions, is felt not merely as troublesome but as irrelevant. For experience of life teaches that the maxim 'de gustibus non est disputandum' has earned its triteness by the infinitude of practical wisdom it enshrines. Elaborate argumentation is always seen to run to earth in some personal valuation that defies all logic. In all attempts of reasoning to shift these valuations, there exists a pathetic imbecility. Indeed, the futile persistency of the endeavours of a rationalist to dislodge an enemy he cannot see from a position he cannot approach, seems to involve some radical illusion of intellectualism. Perhaps, however, it is only

the necessary inability of any faculty to recognise its limitations.

The upshot of the business is that the keen play of the intellect is seen to have something 'unnatural' in it. We rightly recognise that a man may be a slave to his intellect much as he may be a slave to his passions, and, if a man is endowed with good passions, the latter servitude seems safer. For there is something in the over-cultivation of the reasoning powers which atrophies the common affections of humanity, and so leads men into worse fallacies of conduct than are attributable to mere illogic. 'Mathematics,' it has been said, 'breeds a despotic way of thinking,' and the annals of ecclesiastical and political government are full of terrible testimony to the havoc wrought by logical doctrine and administration upon the course of human history. Hence it is that, as we grow older, we come to 'suffer fools gladly,' provided their folly is not too pronounced, and even to recognise that they are 'God's fools' in that God or Nature sanctions and inspires their folly. Upon the whole, rather stupid persons, who let themselves be guided by their feelings, tend to go more straightly, more safely, and more comfortably through

life than their highly-cerebrating neighbours. For, after all, the whole detailed experience of countless generations of human and pre-human life has been boiled down and deposited in the half-instinctive feelings, individual or social, by which stupid, unintellectual persons are guided; natural selection has expelled the worst aberrations, and left a set of instincts and desires which make upon the whole not only for safety but for progress. This is the wisdom of the little child, the fool, the drunkard, and the people. The real question is how to feed and supplement it by conscious rationalism, so as not to impair or displace it—one of those practical problems of compromise or adjustment which confront us everywhere in life. For the art of politics it has supreme importance. For those who trust entirely or mainly to intellectual training for the future of democracy must be driven almost to despair, when they contemplate the small amount of intellectual curiosity which exists, and the facility with which it can be led astray by interested politicians. Fortunately, we are not dependent for political progress upon a fully enlightened popular policy. The evolution of democracy will continue to be

mainly the politics of comparatively stupid people, driven by sound but ill-conceived motives to grope after collective advantage, capable of choosing leaders and policies less from a clear intellectual apprehension of their meaning and worth than by a sort of 'feel' which enables them to sift the better from the worse, a power more akin to art than to science. Education should improve this art, but cannot displace it, neither can it generate the power with which it works for the building of better social institutions.

A GO-AS-YOU-PLEASE PHILOSOPHY

To redeem philosophy from the reproach that it bakes no cakes, and cannot cure, or even help us bear, the toothache, is assuredly a worthy task, if it can be done. Professor William James, with a little band of reformers who adopt the name of 'pragmatists,' because they want a theory that will 'work,' believes it possible to unstiffen the academic notions about ultimate truth and reality, to pump life into the wax-works of metaphysics, and furnish a philosophy to the man in the street. In some sense, perhaps the truest, the man in the street, and in a larger sense the peasant, has already a more or less ordered outlook upon life, a way of dealing with such bits of the universe as confront him that enables him to be considered a

philosopher. Nay, we must go much lower down than this for our rudimentary philosophers. Even the dim conscious life of the earthworm (and possibly the dimmer but more intricate intelligence of plants) must bring some fragmentary plan into the monotonous occupation of passing through his body minute particles of mould; not an utter anarch, he constructs out of his experience a limited universe. The hen or the dog has not only a far wider range of experience, but makes longer and more numerous connections between the bits of it for the practical handling of its affairs. Though the objective world which confronts the domesticated dog is much the same as confronts his master, he serves it up quite differently. Smell more than sight or sound is the sense by which he works it over, order appears not in long sequences but in patches, and his restricted reason, run by canine preferences, produces a faintly realised universe, different in all its values and in most of the sensations out of which it is composed, from that of man.

Then turn to man himself. All men, we say, have the same seven senses, the same sort of physical and mental make-up, the

objective world in which they find themselves is in the main the same for all, yet what a different world they make of it. This is the fundamental thought upon which Professor James dwells: we make the world, its truth and its reality are wholly (so says the 'Pragmatist' at his boldest) our handiwork. The familiar theory of the mind as a *tabula rasa* upon which hard various facts from outside impress their images, is utterly reversed; each of us makes his own facts out of the stream of plastic experience-stuff which flows before him. Fixing his attention where he likes, he chooses this stuff and ignores the other, works up the chosen stuff into sizes and sorts and patterns accommodated to his practical needs. So he gets the experience which constitutes his fund of consciousness, and upon which perception and reflection impose arrangement, making of it both a multiverse and a universe, according as the connective threads last out or fail. Virtually the whole of the character or values of our universe is man's making, not only what he thinks and feels about it, but what it is; for if you deduct from the so-called raw material, the objective stuff, what man has done to it in the way of selection, manipulation, arrange-

ment, valuation, nothing of any consequence remains.

Man has, of course, always acted on this supposition, though when he comes to reflect on what he does he often misinterprets it Though academic philosophy is so 'sniffy about common sense, the valid methods of reasoning they both employ are the same. Practical human beings engaged in protecting and promoting life had to get hold of general ways of looking at the world and to fit names and phrases into these concepts: 'things,' 'minds,' 'bodies,' the idea of one time, one space, causation, the distinction between 'real' and 'fancied,' belong to these early instruments which the 'common sense' of man made for his use. He cannot really define them or justify them in any other way than by showing that they 'work,' *i.e.*, help him to get along in life. Proceeding further to the more organised handling of facts which we call the sciences, we find them using concepts such as mass and energy, gravitation, conservation of energy, evolution, atoms, ions, ether, etc., none of which can be described as a verifiable fact or a law of absolute validity. They are simply hypothetical constructions, good just

so far as they 'work' in the sense of assisting to arrange facts so as to get valid results, and liable at any time to be displaced by better instruments. And must not the same origin and the same criteria be applied to the 'philosophy' which claims to examine, nterpret, and arrange these great underlying laws and presuppositions, and to give us the provisionally final word about life, nature, and the universe?

Just as the minor concepts and connections between phenomena which we say convey truth and teach reality were produced by ordinary men to help them the better to get along in life, so the scientific formulas and the philosophies are intended and created with no other legitimate end. Professor James waxes fierce against the jargon of false prophets in Oxford or elsewhere who will not accept what they consider a degraded view of the philosophic function, who dogmatically proclaim that reality and truth have an existence in some universe which is not what we make it, and uphold a futile banner of the Absolute, waving in a vapid atmosphere of pure abstractions. Even more stern in their denunciation are the popes of absolutism, to whom Professor James and his friends are

intellectual and moral wreckers who would give every man a license to forge convenient 'truths' to fit his personal emergencies, and invent or accept any religion that may come handy for comfort or the maintenance of social order. Mr Balfour is, it is sometimes suggested, the typical pragmatist, and could one have a more awful warning?

There can be no doubt that some of the less guarded language of Professor James exposes him to this imputation. Such a statement as 'We break the flux of sensible reality into things, then, at our will,' taken along with the insistence upon truth as merely a serviceable way of looking at things, and reality as a character given by us to phenomena, not by them to us, is indeed an over bold assertion of the supremacy of man. 'Talk of logic and necessity and categories and the absolute and the contents of the whole philosophic machine-shop as you will, the only *real* reason I can think of why anything should ever come is that *someone wishes it to be here.* It is *demanded* —demanded, it may be, to give relief to no matter how small a fraction of the world's mass. This is *living reason*, and compared

with it material causes and logical necessities are spectral things.'

Surely this is carrying the dominion of human personality too far. Has the 'flux of sensible reality' no character of its own that not merely limits but helps to determine the sort of things we make of it? If 'absolutism' is a barren intellectualism, 'pragmatism' here betrays itself as presumptuous psychology. Our will, our interests, our needs, can doubtless do much with the stuff supplied to us, more perhaps than is commonly supposed. Moreover, we may agree that the concepts, theories, and laws which we use are truths of our making. But, for all that, the raw material of sensations cannot be conceived as homogeneous. A dog, a savage, a sage may doubtless make a very different universe out of the same muddle of phenomena; but the differences will not be indefinite, and will not depend altogether upon the differences of wish and interest in the three. To ask: Does it work? What difference does it make? is no doubt a serviceable test of truth, which even an Absolutist in his less combative moments would not refuse. But then he will insist that his 'Absolute' best satisfies this test

so far as intelligibility and a sense of order are a useful apparatus for the conduct of life. Agreeing that a theology, like a geometry, is true according as it 'works,' he will insist that this doctrine is liable to grave and obvious abuses in the interests of short or shallow opportunism, and that some clearer conception of a universe than pragmatism allows is wanted to secure a consistency of thought requisite for philosophic peace of mind—itself in the last resort a human utility.

The really strong and fruitful part of Professor James' plea is his insistence upon the creative power of man. It is a more orderly setting of the doctrine which runs to seed in 'mental' or 'Christian' Science. But man cannot actually do anything he likes with Nature or environment, though it may be comforting and stimulating sometimes to think so. Even if Nature were nothing more than a loose lot of hard stuff to be hewn or moulded into convenient shapes, as 'pragmatism' inclines to hold, there still remains the obstinate questions: 'What is this stuff upon which the will of man so acts? How does it come into the human field of action at all? And what, again, is the sort of stuff out of which these

creative wills get made themselves?' Philosophy requires to get some sort of answer to these questions, so as to reach that conception of a universe which even Professor James allows to be a legitimate source of speculation. A glut of one-ness has doubtless done harm in breeding an attitude of superior aloofness among thinkers; but this loose, man-made multiverse can only give satisfaction, can only 'work' among those temperamentally opposed to unity. This, indeed, our author admits with charming candour. 'The rationalist mind, radically taken, is of a doctrinaire and authoritative complexion; the phrase "*must* be" is ever on its lips. The bellyband of its universe must be tight. A radical pragmatist, on the other hand, is a happy-go-lucky, anarchistic sort of creature. If he had to live in a tub like Diogenes, he wouldn't mind at all if the hoops were loose and the staves let in the sun.'

It appears then that after all philosophy is a go-as-you-please business, a view eminently fitted for the man in the street.

A PLEA FOR CONTROVERSY

EVERY reader of Captain Marryat will remember the exhilaration attending his conviction that, once the grappling irons were successfully thrown, the fight was certain to be to a finish. The art of political controversy to-day is sadly in need of grappling irons. To many of us politics seem little other than the art of shunning issues. There is plenty of political discussion, some debate both on the platform and in the Press, but no serious pertinacious endeavour to discover, state, and contest the roots of any matter of dispute. The position defended is not that attacked, the contestants do not meet in the lists to fight *à outrance*, they demolish with eminent success the arguments they have themselves set up. No one whose business it has been to follow the two great controversies of recent years in England can fail to deplore the intellectual and moral damage of

our controversial methods. It makes no difference whether the fundamental issues are of concrete fact or of principle. In the Boer War the essentials of debate were facts or plain deductions from facts, chiefly two, the arming of the Boers regarded as evidence of hostile intention, and the interpretation of a few critical despatches as evidence of a *bona fide* desire of settlement. Though these matters were discussed *ad nauseam* in books, pamphlets, speeches, and letters, never was there any persistent attempt to argue them out, as difficult issues of law are argued every day before judges in chamber or in a civil court. The fiscal case is still more deplorable, because it exhibited an elaborate pretence of controversy without the substance. Most of what was debated and discussed was either paltry or irrevelant. The facts or figures of selected trades or periods, or suggestive phrases were never submitted to critical analysis. Among Free Traders and Fiscal Reformers alike there has been a sort of instinctive avoidance of those fundamental or really critical questions which underlie fiscal policy, such as, 'To what extent, if at all, can we tax the foreigner?' 'Can import duties cause an increase of trade and employment in

a country?' 'Do the commercial interests of different nations conflict?' We are well aware that these issues were often raised, occasionally in plain shape, and honest discussions were begun. But either the spirit of the combatants flagged, or, as is more likely, the total failure of the public to recognise the crucial nature of these tests brought premature collapse. Even among professed economists no attempt to thrash out these differences of principle seemed possible. The result has been that several full years of fiscal discussion were almost barren of genuine political education.

What is the cause of this inability to grapple? Is it politeness, cowardice, or merely 'sloppy-mindedness,' or, as is not unlikely, are all these the names for a single defect of character? In other walks than politics similar complaints are raised. In physics, in geology, in biology, issues of the gravest magnitude have recently arisen, relating to the structure of matter, the pace of cosmic processes, the nature of heredity. Monographs pour from the Press, scientific reviews reek of the subject, but everywhere the same tendency appears, to shift and to dissipate instead of fixing and concentrating

the issue. In philosophic circles a striking instance of the inability of trained dialecticians to come to grips is afforded by the sinuous debate conducted in *Mind* and elsewhere on 'Pragmatism.' As for theology, we cannot easily determine whether the logomachy raised by Sir Oliver Lodge and the Rev. R. J. Campbell more nearly resembles shooting at the running deer at Bisley or a game of poker.

It has not always been so. The nineteenth century, even in its latter half, afforded not a few examples of great controversialists. Men like Cobden, Francis Newman, Colenso, Bradlaugh, Fitz James Stephen, Huxley Martineau, succeeded in their several ways in fastening and holding serious discussion on close vital issues. As we see, such issues still emerge, but no such champions or challengers. Timid groups of skirmishers take long shots at obscure figures and rush to cover. There is no engagement at close quarters in the open. Men do not dare, as they used, to throw themselves on to the edge of an argument sword in hand; blunt fumbling is the rule. We seem either to have lost the wit to bring a controversy to a head, or to be unwilling to stake our

personality upon its conduct, as in former days. The habit of sharp and courageous disputation has passed completely out of ordinary intercourse, and we are the losers for it. Even the argumentative duelling of the age of Johnson, in which men contended for victory rather than for truth, was preferable to the vapid amenities of intellectual company to-day. In some respects the reasoning faculties are far better cultivated than formerly, in scientific research, for example, and in other matters that abide question. But for the give and take, the thrust and parry of living intellectual combat our educative system provides no training.

In this matter the universities and schools of the middle ages, with their public disputations, were far ahead of us. The somewhat stiff formalism of scholastic logic, which regulated the procedure, did not prevent them from affording a splendid exercise for freedom of thought as well as for accuracy of reasoning. The rigorous process of syllogistic debate in the Latin tongue, by which 'Wranglers' were placed at Cambridge, so late as the eighteenth century, not merely afforded an admirable training in intellectual form but advanced the sciences in no mean measure

by sifting out irrelevances and bringing out the 'true inwardness' of the problem. An interesting spontaneous revival of these dialectical contests is to be witnessed to-day in American colleges where great themes of current controversy are subjected to inter-collegiate public debates. The law school of Columbia University will challenge the law school of Yale or Princetown to debate the Nationalisation of the Railroads or Compulsory Arbitration in Trade Disputes. The challenged party chooses to uphold the 'pro' or the 'con.' Teams are selected by the two schools, coaches are put on, the validity of each set of facts and each line of argument is separately canvassed, and the work of maintaining or meeting the several issues involved is laid out as carefully as the tactics of a football match. Two judges and an umpire are agreed upon, and the contest is conducted under strict regulations. Such methods have their obvious defects and are apt, perhaps, to breed sophists, but they do habituate the mind to find and follow real issues.

Nowhere is this need of genuine controversy more urgent than in what is termed the politics of social reform, and the related task of improving the democratic instrument.

If this task is to go forward, the root issues or principles underlying each proposed advance must be more plainly seen and confronted. Instead of this, every art of avoidance and of misrepresentation is employed. Let us illustrate our meaning. At a recent Trades Union Congress a speaker refused to discuss the finance of Old Age Pensions because 'it was the business of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to find the money.' Now it is evident that the financial feasibility of the entire policy of social reform turns upon the question, 'Is there or is there not a large fund at present in the possession of private citizens which can be got into the public purse by taxation without impairing any present incentive to productive industry?' Yet, upon the existence, nature, and size of this fund of 'surplus value' or of 'unearned increment' no searching discussion ever takes place. Land reformers and socialists have no agreed meaning for these terms; their opponents deny that such a fund exists or can be taken without dangerous reactions upon industry. To the members of the Government which professes to deal with expensive social reforms such a question as that put here evidently appears remote and purely theoretic. Yet

the absence of any honest, persistent endeavour to settle this root issue of financial principle is one of the chief barriers to effective progress. Or, if we turn to the hardly less urgent task of converting our Government from a sham into a real democracy, two issues glare out upon us which we continually shun, viz., 'Is popular Government of any sort consistent with autocratic secret government in foreign affairs?' 'Is it possible to devise methods of effective popular control over the administrative machinery of government in a large modern state?' Imperialism presents one or two questions of similarly fundamental character, viz., the possibility of a civilised power performing with success and without ultimate damage to itself such work of forcible control as we exercise in India, or the rights of an 'unprogressive' people to withhold from development the valuable resources of their country. On the horizon of present politics lies the new Population Question, the possibility or necessity of the exercise of some public selective or restraining control over the production of the offspring of the race so as to prevent deterioration. The entire politics of progress to-day hinges upon about a dozen of these

large issues, and we habitually play round them with an elaborate instinctive ritual of avoidance. It is the recognition of this truth that makes 'tough-minded' men (to use an expression of Professor James) despise politics as being necessarily ineffective. Until we can get some serious controversy turned upon these roots of policy, all talk of social reconstruction and of genuine democracy is evidently futile. Facts cannot go ahead of ideas.

A PURITAN DOCUMENT

AMID the flood of modernism that has poured over all the Churches one sometimes wonders whether here and there may still be found oases of the hard-shell Puritanism which stood forth so conspicuously in the spiritual life of the early nineteenth century. Alike in doctrine and in practice, the evangelical Churches of to-day have shifted a good deal from their old moorings. There are doubtless little groups of elderly people who still formally maintain the old attitude towards the Bible as the single, supreme, and all-sufficing guide of life alike in matters spiritual and mundane, a final and detailed declaration of the will of God to man, who prayerfully seek guidance in temporal perplexities by a literal interpretation of its text, and are disposed to read even the minor events of contemporary history in the light of Scriptural prophecy. But so remote is all this from the main

stream of the spiritual life of the people to-day that a halo of quite antiquarian interest surrounds for most of us the story of the early religious austerities of the Clapham sect, in which Macaulay spent his boyhood, or the tight presbyterian upbringing of John Ruskin, and the not less distinctive puritanism which underlay the agnostic education inflicted by James Mill on his young son. Yet we know that even among persons of education and social standing little Calvinistic sects arose, compared with which the religious tenets of Zachary Macaulay or Mrs Ruskin were liberal to laxity. Of the Sandemanians, William Godwin, himself bred in the faith, said that whereas the Calvinists doomed to perdition nine-tenths of their fellow-Christians, the Sandemanians dedicated to the same fate nine out of ten Calvinists. Yet this sect commanded the adhesion of so great a man of science as Michael Faraday. Could such a case be possible in England to-day? We doubt it, and the reasons for our doubt are presented in one of the most curious and instructive spiritual documents given to this age.

There lives to-day among us a well-known literary man, whose identity is thinly veiled

in the autobiographic study he presents (*Father and Son: A Study of Two Temperaments*), and whose early years were lived amid the full rigour of the intensest form of cultivated Calvinism. His father was a distinguished naturalist of the pre-Darwinian era, his mother a learned woman with a distinct literary gift, the writer of volumes of acceptable poetry. Both had withdrawn themselves from the more conventional forms of Protestantism in which they had been reared, and dispensing with pastor or ritual, joined with a few other extreme Calvinists to form 'the brethren,' to whom the descriptive title 'Plymouth' was afterwards applied.

With a vivid and convincing memory the writer tells the outer and the inner story of his early years, a solitary child with parents absorbed in a dull passion for a joyless spirituality, bounded by hard and almost mechanical conceptions of 'grace,' and a divine dispensation in which every trouble or mishap was a 'visitation,' and every good external thing an 'uncovenanted mercy.' Their one recreation lay in interpreting the 'prophecies': society, even of the Saints, they steadfastly eschewed, and they watched

over their little son, devoted from infancy to a holy life, with a deadly solicitude. Here was a boy of eager, active, imaginative mind, forbidden to read Scott's novels or Shakespeare's plays, because they were 'not true,' and nurtured upon Newton's 'Thoughts on the Apocalypse.' Even at a later period, when subtle inroads had been made on these early austerities, 'My father prayed aloud with great fervour that it might be revealed to me, by the voice of God, whether it was or was not the Lord's will that I should attend the Browns' party.' What was a sensitive, well-trained, but human boy to do in such a case? 'The Lord says I may go to the Browns.' Yet mark how retribution took him at the Browns. For recitations were the vogue, and after one boy had rendered 'Casabianca,' and a little girl had given 'We are Seven,' he stood up at call and began a favourite passage from 'Blair's Grave':

'If death were nothing, and nought after death—
If when men died at once they ceased to be—
Returning to the barren Womb of Nothing,
Whence first they sprang, then might the debauchee'—

'"Thank you, dear; that will do nicely!" interrupted the lady with the curls.'

The progress of the story, the struggle for moral liberation in the boy, is set forth with a strength and delicacy which will secure for this book a distinguished place in the spiritual literature of our time. The writer has managed to convey the truth that even these oppressively austere parents contained in the very nature they imparted to the boy fragments of liberty and even levity which might have made them human. Indeed, the understream of tender parental affection is everywhere apparent, and its frustration in the chill of Calvinist practices strikes a powerfully pathetic note. It would be easy to stir amusement and indignation by a recital of the monstrosities to which the logic of this Puritanism led its devotees. But without quenching these emotions in the reader the author has achieved the higher and better end of arousing and maintaining sympathy with the striking and heroic character which a creed so repulsive in its main aspect was able to support. Such fortitude, such utter submission to a higher will, as is conveyed in the slow passing of the mother in her mortal malady, is assuredly the finest confrontment of the enemy, save one, possible for man. That one is the calm, unreflective

acceptance of death as a simple fact in the course of nature which, as Whitman shows, may come when we have ceased to worry about our souls and to busy our brains about insolubles. Meanwhile, such a triumphantly spiritual attitude must win that admiration which in an age of hesitation and of torpor attaches to all who have powerful convictions and the courage of them. Such attitudes are two. There is the spiritual socialism of a Catholic Church, where the individual soul, nay, the entire generation, is subject to the absolute authority of a single central will, a perennial fount of living inspiration: there is the individualism of that extreme Protestantism which throws on each soul the full obligation of its separate dealings with the Eternal Spirit. That there is something unsufficing and inhuman in the fierce absorption in the saving of our private soul is the very spirit of that moderm humanism which, far more than textual criticisms or scientific doubt, has broken the ancient moulds of Puritanism.

The significance of *Father and Son* is that it exhibits this criticism dramatically in a life story of surpassing interest. We see how the new Humanism, sown unseen in the

secluded and protected garden of this young soul, grows until it comes to master and uproot the authority of the father and the imitative spirituality imposed in childhood.

The primary object of the book is not, however, autobiography; that is rather incidental to the process, though the delicacy and the pathos of its workmanship give it often the dominating interest. The unfolding and liberation of the boy are the means of exhibiting the temperament of the father, and through him the nature of an entire phase in the religious life of our people.

In not a few biographies of the last generation, in a few works of true fiction, notably those of 'Mark Rutherford,' we have interesting glimpses of Puritan survivals in the social atmosphere in which they lived. But nowhere have we so full and firm a portraiture of latter-day 'Saints' with a commentary contained within the portraiture itself. As one reads through the story to its end, with he sigh of relief with which it is set down, there comes the recognition of a 'great deliverance.' Never again, one is fain to believe, in this land, at any rate, will the tender soul of a young child be bound under such spiritual irons. Endeavouring to assess

the import of the changes in the outer and inner conditions of a generation, I am disposed to think that greater than all gains in material well-being, in the command over nature which science has brought, in the extension of knowledge and of intellectual education to large masses of the people, is the rescue of the souls of our children from the blighting superstition which is read in terrible distinctness in the frontispiece of this remarkable book.

For there can be no doubt that even in the stricter evangelical communities of to-day the old puritanical bonds both of creed and conduct are perishing. Sunday reading is no longer rigidly defined; even the barrier between sacred and secular music is becoming blurred; Sabbath demeanour and behaviour even in religious families are not what they were. Through a score of secret avenues of art, literature, recreation, and social intercourse, the cold gloom of the older Sunday has been warmed and brightened for young people. The bicycle, the adult school, and the Pleasant Sunday Afternoon have done far more than 'the higher criticism,' or any sort of rationalistic propaganda in this work of liberation. The old rooted

antagonism dramatised in our history three centuries ago by Puritan *v.* Cavalier has not indeed yet disappeared, finding its last representatives, as one of our most brilliant social analysts suggests, in the modern music-hall and the Salvation Army, 'the hooligan howl' and 'the hooligan whine.' It is the work of modern humanism not to destroy but to reconcile. Though the dogmatic literalism, the mechanical logic, and the ascetic practices of the older Puritanism have yielded much to the influence of sweetness and light flowing from sources of freer culture, they still furnish invaluable elements of stiffening and austerity to the national character. Indeed, the conflict between spiritual earnestness and the powers of worldliness, license, and indifference still continues unabated, though the arena of struggle has shifted so as to give larger place to social than to individual salvation, and to enforcing upon the spiritually-minded the claims of justice and good order in the scheme of earthly life as the best preparation for another. So far as the character of a people is represented by purpose, temper, and valuations, the character of our people remains puritanical *au fond*, a puritanism sweetened

and hedonised by alien forces of 'disinterested culture,' but one that has rather absorbed and assimilated into its own system these ingredients than has simply fused with them. The supreme testimony to this judgment is furnished by our consistent refusal, as a nation, to treat art, literature, and the drama as seriously as science, politics, and business.

THE GRIP OF THE SPECIALIST

WHAT is the attitude for a reasonable man to adopt towards the growing power of specialists? In every important crisis of our complex life we are driven to have recourse to doctors, lawyers, engineers, brokers, schoolmasters, and other professional or business experts, entrusting them with an authority over the life, health, happiness, and property of ourselves and of those near and dear to us, based on a belief in their superior knowledge and goodwill which we feel ourselves incompetent to test and which we yet know is liable to error. What security have we that they are competent and honest in the advice they tender? The issue which Mr Maarten Maartens raises in his recent book, with an excess of vehemence likely to damage his cause, presents this problem of specialism in its sharpest outlines.

Everywhere among the educated public we encounter signs of disquietude, distrust, sometimes of vocable revolt against the dominion of the doctor and the elaborate professional and business apparatus that has grown up round him. The local general practitioner is attached to a big consulting physician in London, the latter recommends a specialist, who may propose an operation, to be performed by himself, or by some other surgeon; the surgeon puts his patient in a nursing home; the oculist has his optician, the aurist or other specialist his surgical instrument firm, and a chemist whose drugs are most reliable. If it is a case of treatment, not of operation, there is a sanatorium in the country or a seaside resort where baths, special diet, massage, electric treatment can be got; for more wealthy patients a particular hotel and a friendly foreign doctor at Marienbad or Homburg, with an after-cure in a certain not too elevated Swiss resort. Now there can be no doubt whatever that this elaborate network of professional interests contains grave possibilities of abuse. Not a few of our social analysts seem disposed to follow Tolstoy and Mr Maartens in regarding it as an organised hypocrisy, playing

upon the superstitious reverence of the ignorant for a pseudo-science which is little better than a cunning art of plunder, practised with a cynical disregard for the health, nay, the very life of the 'patient' public. If we cannot accept this view of the great healing art, neither are we prepared to regard this intricacy of medical specialism as an entirely safe and salutary fruit of the advance of disinterested science dedicated to the welfare of humanity. Mr Maartens brandishes the text, 'When a soothsayer meets a soothsayer he grins.' But this is far too crude a diagnosis of the case. It is needless and quite untrue, to assume that any conscious conspiracy exists either in the medical profession or in any other against the lives and purses of the public. On the contrary, there is probably a larger amount of genuine devotion to the interests of science and of humanity in this calling than in any other; the magnitude of the trust reposed in their practitioners must and does evoke qualities of effort and self-sacrifice unequalled in any of the other arts. Moreover, it is fair to admit that not only surgery but medicine has made and is making immense strides in our time, and that this progress is in no small measure

due to the very process of specialisation which we have described.

Most sane laymen may admit all this, and yet tremble at the power of this new priesthood, which is greater than can safely be entrusted to any class. Not without reason do we style it a priesthood. The original medicine-man was half-spiritual, half-physical healer: when the two functions in course of time became differentiated, the spiritual doctors, organising their authority in Churches, wielded a far heavier and more lucrative control over the lay public than the doctors of the flesh. A shifting of the balance is now taking place. Even in those countries where the Churches still claim healing power through relics, shrines, and laying-on of hands, the medical profession has been gaining ground, and wherever the decline of ecclesiastical control has definitely set in, much of the personal influence and mystical authority exercised formerly by the priest passes over to the doctor. Various causes may be assigned for this change, chief among them the advance of popular belief in physiology, accompanied by neurotic habits of introspection.

Perhaps for the first time in the life of man

upon the earth the care and cure of the body have definitely taken precedence of the care and cure of the soul. The doctor has largely displaced the priest. But the mantle of Elijah has fallen upon Elisha. The same temptations to the profitable organisation of mysteries, the elaboration of ornate expensive ritual to attract and hold the allegiance of the devotee, the same jealous and pitiless persecution of heresy, display themselves in the new sacerdotalism. The layman is in this dilemma. The conditions of life make him ever more sensitive to the bodily ailments of himself and his family; the medical profession in the name of science ever discloses new defects of structure or of function which he would not recognise without their aid. Each of these forms a separate point for professional appeal. How many of us knew that we possessed a thyroid gland or an appendix until these discoveries came up in modern surgery? Now we know, and to our cost. The question which arises is this. How shall the layman make the necessary and proper allowance for the bias of the specialist, for his excessive tendency to diagnose along the lines of his speciality, and for the general tendency to elaborate

modes of treatment which are most expensive to the patient and most profitable to the profession? The charge is not of cheating or of charlatanry, but of the secret, unconscious play of intellectual and economic motives under the guise of disinterested science. Where such great opportunities exist there must be grave abuses. How can the layman rightly discount the chances of abuse? His wife or child is sick. Not a disbeliever, he calls in the doctor, and finds he has invoked an instrument over which he can exercise no control, whose behests he cannot disobey, though they involve him in the acute peril of some operation or the alternative of some prolonged treatment of which he can know nothing save that it is the accepted cure, discovered last year and destined next year to be superseded as futile or dangerous. The net expense of the system which has grown up by this unconscious consolidation of professional interests is enormous. Everyone knows some family of middling means upon whom some such treatment has recently imposed a terrible financial strain; in spite of public dispensaries and free hospitals, the burden of disease upon the poor is still more terrible.

The issue must not be shirked. A larger and larger proportion of the general income of the nation is every year expended upon medical treatment; each decade shows a quite disproportionate growth of the classes of the population which earn a livelihood by medical services. The grip of the doctor and the chemist grows continually stronger. Now we are well aware that unauthorised treatments and patent drugs account for no inconsiderable part of it. Among all grades of the workers with a rising margin of wages drugs are sheer fetishes. But such drugs and their vendors are in part the heretics, in part the blacklegs, of the medical profession, with which we are concerned. Improved education and the arms of the law may in time cope with these injurious excesses. But the authorised profession is 'education' and is 'the law,' and their excesses are necessarily more difficult to measure or to meet. If a 'quack' kills a patient the relatives may exact a penalty. But when a patient 'fails to rally' from a 'successful operation,' performed with the proper ritua no question can be raised. The absolute confidence with which a specialist of repute will impose a long, painful, and expensive

treatment, which other specialists of no less repute condemn, bewilders and amazes those new to the annals of modern medicine.

No rational check exists for the ordinary layman. When he is taken ill it becomes a matter almost of chance whether he is forced to undergo a dangerous operation, is put upon a new experimental diet, is sentenced to two months' close confinement, or to a long term of distant exile. The menace of this peril casts a dark shadow over thousands of lives. Those aware of the hazard are as helpless as those unaware, for they have no real option of refusal. They dare not reject what in their heart they often regard as little better than a sporting chance, if it is imposed by professional authority. 'All that a man hath will he give for his life.' It is the clear knowledge of this truth that constitutes the power of the medical specialist. The network of community of interests with its system of profit-sharing and of commissions, supported by a legal procedure and a no less binding etiquette, which fastens this embarrassing control over the nervous lay public, has, of course, its analogue in every profession. But the vital and immediate force of the interest involved gives the medical

profession a stronger hold than any other, and a proportionally greater liability to abuse it. Conscious trickery or conspiracy is the last charge we should press against a profession the members of which have doubtless a sense of personal honour at least as high as that of any other. Nor are we disposed to waste much indignation upon the minor arts of deceit evoked by the fancies or the follies of a little class of professional hypochondriacs, for whom a subcutaneous injection of *aqua distillata* or a bread pill may prove a suitable or even serviceable treatment. It is a far graver issue that we raise, that of the growing danger which everywhere confronts the layman in the grip of the specialist, where specialisation is carried so far as to destroy or impair the true perspective of the general, and where it has been developed and perfected as a system of private profitable callings. Occasional disclosures have arisen regarding the financial relations between physicians and surgeons, and nursing homes, hotels, cures, chemists, giving rise to suspicions which become perhaps unduly exaggerated from the studied secrecy which everywhere prevails. There is evidence that a competitive profession is subject to the

same temptations as a competitive trade to 'make business' and to secure it by secret commissions and other financial practices injurious to the customers. So long as it is more profitable to keep ill than to cure, and so long as the confidence or credulity of the lay public can be maintained, the less scrupulous members of the profession will be impelled to evolve new methods of attractive and expensive treatment, which fashion and imitation will carry far and wide, to the detriment of the public health and the enfeeblement of the public purse.

We do not hesitate to say that the known scandals of these abuses are numerous, and that a feeling of grave though impotent alarm is spreading through large sections of the community.

THE CONFESSION OF MR WELLS

In a sense all true literature is a personal confession of faith. But the literary art has evolved, for purposes of pride or pleasure, so many devices of indirectness, reticence, and feigned objectivity, as greatly to impair its power. This has been in large part due to a certain artificiality of decorative culture, that is slow to disappear. The very name 'culture' suggests a delicacy and a seclusion which restrict the services that literature can render to life. That revision of literary aims and methods, which popular education and the new scientific interpretation of life require, is very difficult of achievement The modern man and modern life, which Whitman, conscious of his 'barbaric yaup,' sought to sing, have as yet failed to find any adequate expression in our poetry.

The reason for this failure is plain enough. The young men and women of the new

education, the product of the continuation school, the Polytechnic, South Kensington, University Extension, alert, town-bred, curious, distrustful of authoritative forms and phrases in an age of shifting creeds and policies, distracted by the disorderly procession of sensational and intellectual novelties, do not see life steadily enough for any literature more profound than Kipling to bite upon their intelligence and emotions. They have no philosophy, no religion, no art of individual or social conduct, and very little consciousness of the need of such things. The great standard sources of world-wisdom, the saints, prophets, poets, and philosophers, do not suffice. Between them and these restless souls there is a great gulf fixed, a gulf none the less real that it is the creation of a disbelief. The notion that Homer, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth can do, or are doing, for this newly enlightened generation what is needed to bring them into a saner relation towards life and their fellows is, we fear, chimerical. Men, bone of their bone, flesh of their flesh, children of the self-same spirit of this age of change and hurry and achievement, are wanted for this task of interpretation and

reconcilement. A few men and women, with the will and the power to tell in plain words the naked truths of thought and feeling about themselves, their relations to their fellows and the world, to vivisect their souls for the benefit of others, can, we hold, perform the greatest practical service demanded of literature at this time.

The extraordinary difficulties of such a work we need not dwell upon. It wants, of course, wide interests, deep sympathy, and a genius of self-expression. Within a century there have been few such revelations in our literature, nearly all the more familiar and effective using a prose vehicle, De Quincey, Lamb, Hazlitt, among the earlier, Ruskin and Stevenson among the latter. It is a hopeful sign of recent years that a more or less formal confession of faith is coming to be recognised as a duty which inspired Liberals owe this generation. In this spirit unceasingly write Mr G. B. Shaw and Mr Chesterton, to name two well-known instances. But though these writers have some important requisites of the confession—a firm conviction of their complete self-sufficiency, a disregard of all trespass-boards, and a tolerably perfect lack of reticence—we do not feel sure how

far they are capable of telling the truth, so intricate is the distorting influence of combative humour.

Now, Mr Wells impresses us differently. His upbringing, education, early experiences of life, have given a quite peculiar value to his gifts of insight and of literary expression. Even in those wilder romances where he shoots at long range with his fancy, sharp thrusts of insight into the solid business of actual life abound, while in such works as *Kipps* and its congeners we get unique disclosure of the social tragi-comedy. It seems as if Mr Wells were always struggling to get at close quarters with general and particular truth, and that his different sorts of books stood for a set of different ranges. For his method is never really that of the philosophic or scientific system-monger, but always that of the sharpshooter. He has sometimes blown out a big bubble of imagination until it reached the dimensions of a world. But his critics have taken these improvised Utopias more seriously than their maker, who only made them to see how they looked, and to get some new perspective of realities as reflected from their shining surfaces. In his last 'serious' book, *New*

Worlds for Old, though coming to close grips with the social problems of to-day, he still retains fragments of the older playful manner. But in this new small book, *First and Last Things*, he comes to life at closest range, with most compact and gravest utterance. We can already detect among reviewers the snappy tone of the academic person who sees this 'unqualified' young sciolist hurriedly traversing the sacred groves of philosophy and the sciences, religion and politics, and executing short, sharp judgments on the most recondite and baffling issues. But this is no proper attitude to take towards such a book. If his metaphysics sometimes resemble the probing of the sharp child into parental theology, or the naïve scepticism with which the taproom yokel pricks some pompous orthodoxy of the educated man, it is the better, not the worse, for that. For Mr Wells is keen enough to realise and use the freshness of an intellect unspoiled by much wandering through barren wastes of loose speculative verbiage, and yet to grasp the modern setting and importance of the half-dozen questions which all this high-falutin' talk and print are fumbling after. The limits of our capacity of know-

ledge set by the nature of our intellectual tools, the adoption of beliefs because they 'work' for us and satisfy our desire for harmony; the tracing of this formative and regulative thought to roots of human feeling, and the adoption of an 'unfounded and arbitrary declaration of the ultimate rightness and significance of things'—boldly termed 'the Act of Faith'—such doctrines bring Mr Wells very near the school of Pragmatists. But from this sheer precipice of thought he plucks himself away, demanding a Universe apart from the mere mind of man, with a Scheme and a Purpose, which transcend our knowing, but which some compulsion of our nature makes us premise.

Armed with this apprehension of the limits of our logic and the Act of Faith, he proceeds to make a lightning sketch of 'the whole duty of man' towards the Universe, himself, and his fellowmen. It is the swift, almost simultaneous, survey of the whole field of modern conduct, in the light of this passionate demand for the devotion of man towards this Purpose, which Mr Wells almost consents to call divine, and of the more intense personal love, in which the separate individuality of man finds expression,

the extensive and the intensive spirit of devotion, that give the unique quality to this book. It is a clear, strenuous, and even passionate, endeavour of a modern Free-thinker to 'give himself away,' not primarily to serve a cause of science, as in one who should leave his brain for post mortem dissection to a medical school, but in order to stir in others that faith and devotion which he himself professes.

We cannot discuss the many debatable issues of public and private conduct upon which he pronounces in seeking the new moral order. Some of his frank, searching utterances on Christianity and, perhaps, on sex relations, will give offence to those who are not liberal enough to recognise that such earnest use of liberty of speech is infinitely more important than the rightness or wrongness of the opinions. For here, in an age where men are idly wandering among the *débris* of fallen faiths with listless eyes and hands in pockets, comes a man with brisk, interested face, full of eager, thoughtful plans of reconstruction, passionately anxious to set men once more at home in the new Universe which is opened up to us. His improvisation may be too rapid and, in parts, defective,

a hit and miss philosophy of life. But it is full of thought and of goodwill, and of what we would even call a new-found soul. For the somewhat steely mechanism of Mr Wells's earlier schemes of social reform has yielded to a far more human, and so more spiritual, conception of the Universe and society. So, too, most of the dogmatism has dropped away with the plain recognition that the foundations of his whole edifice are laid in personal needs. Sometimes the allowance demanded by this personal equation is considerable. The attitude of scorn towards popular notions of equality, as expressed in political democracy, is not consistent with his eloquent exposition of the creed of human solidarity. For if there is that subtle social spirit which denies the spiritual separateness and asserts the union of man with man, that spirit surely has a wisdom of its own, which gives true inspiration to the *vox populi*, even in Parliament and ballot-box. The self-conscious superiority of the efficient person is almost as paralysing an influence in modern progress as was the selfish arrogance of the barbarian aristocrat in former days.

One other palpable clot seems to check

the free flow of the new spirit in Mr Wells. His attitude towards war expresses that curious phenomenon, the sentimental ferocity of gentle souls, which such writers as Ruskin and Henley have illustrated, and which the recent Boer War showed in so many cases of timid women and college bookworms. It is one thing to recognise that, in a crude state of international morality, armies and wars are necessary, and that their force may even open certain doors through which nobler influences may enter. It is quite another to express the conviction that 'on the whole, there is far more good than evil in the enormous military growths that have occurred in the last half-century.' It is a strange myopia which prevents Mr Wells from seeing the truth manifest to most of the cruder 'Socialists,' whose materialism and class-hatred he so severely condemns, that this atavistic faith in physical force is the deadliest enemy of the realisation of that nobler Purpose in State and Church by which the spirit of love works out human salvation. For Mr Wells carries his belief in the solidarity of mankind so far as even to depreciate the worth of a personal survival in which nothing of real importance

survives. 'And what, after all' (he concludes) "is my distinctive something: a few capacities a few incapacities, an uncertain memory, a hesitating presence? It matters, no doubt, in its place and time, as all things matter in their place and time, but where in it all is the eternally indispensable? The great things of my life, love, faith, the intimation of beauty, the things most savouring of humanity, are the things most general, the things most shared and least distinctively me.'

TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS PAINE

THE centennial celebration stands upon the supposition that a hundred years are a good and sufficient time for the settlement of any human reputation. But there are instances which falsify the supposition, and one of the most remarkable is that of Thomas Paine After a long life of conspicuous service in the causes of political and spiritual enlightenment in three great countries of which he was a citizen, a halo of infamy settled upon his memory which no vindication of the later historians of the revolutionary age in which he lived and worked has yet been able wholly to dispel. There lingers even now in most respectable circles of 'educated' Englishmen the notion that Paine was a scurrilous writer of 'atheistic' books, and in politics a forerunner of the modern anarchists. The present

writer calls to mind how in his boyhood a gaunt, lonely old man used to be pointed out in superstitious whispers as 'a follower of wicked Tom Paine,' and there are parts of England where there still stands outside the front door a bushy brush for muddy shoes, to which is given the contemptuous name 'Tom Paine.' Nor has the faithful biography by Dr Conway succeeded in winning any adequate recognition of the greatness of the man even in America, the country which owed even more to him than the country of his birth. The man whose eloquent and reasoned appeal, *Common Sense*, first formulated the demand for independence, the first coiner of the great thought and expression, 'The United States of America,' the man whom Washington and Jefferson were proud to call their friend, and whose magnificent work for the liberation of their country they acknowledged with unstinted praise—this man was spoken of by Theodore Roosevelt quite recently as 'a dirty little atheist.' But, after all, our feelings of resentment at such a brutality are assuaged by the reflection that whereas Mr Roosevelt will in a quick generation sink to the obscurity from which a series of accidents lifted him for a

few years, history will gradually set in its proper place among the makers of the Republic the memory of the man whom he defamed.

For though Paine cannot be placed among the greatest of philosophers and political thinkers, the magnitude, variety, and immediate efficacy of his writings constitute him one of the chief personal forces of the revolutionary age. How is it, then, that his name has been so besmirched, and that far smaller men have usurped his fame? It was not that he was an evil liver or a coarse, indecent writer, though both false charges were contained in the evil mythology that soon gathered round him. Though in a depressed period of his later life he indulged in excessive drinking, this was no bar to respect in the age of Fox and Pitt, and his domestic experiences, though unfortunate, were entirely free from blame. His pen, though sometimes virulent, hardly ever betrayed him into that offensive ridicule which has sometimes tainted the literature of 'free thought.' Even in the bitterest passages of the *Age of Reason* he did not exceed the liberal limits set by the practices of theological controversy in his time. Neither can

his long eclipse be accounted for upon the ground of his excessive 'rationalism,' his over-confidence in the efficacy of abstract reasoning upon the rights of men, and his disregard of the sentiments and traditions which mainly govern human conduct. To modern readers of his two great works this criticism may sometimes recur. But two points must be remembered. In overrating the practical efficacy of reasoning, Paine only erred in common with nearly all the great minds of his and the succeeding age. It was an era of illumination: man was by nature just and reasonable, ignorance and the interested craft of rulers and priests had confused, retarded, and misled him in the past! Paine only shared with Fox, Godwin, Wordsworth, Shelley, Bentham, Owen, the delusion that a plain exposition of the rational order of society and the new moral world would liberate the necessary power for its prompt achievement. But modern sceptics who contemn the abstract idealism of the man who helped to draft the Declaration of Independence must not be permitted to deceive us. Ideas and general formulæ were not barren in the later eighteenth century; they were charged with faith and wrought

great works. Paine was not in the least an arid intellectualist: from his early life of sordid struggle, in what his biographer justly calls 'an almost incredible England,' he carried into the New England across the water a consuming passion for human justice and liberty, not as platform phrases, but as hard, concrete goods worth fighting and dying for, which set America afire, when she was confusedly pondering 'an impossible and unnatural reconciliation.' From America to France, fresh in the throes of her great upheaval, he passed, not as an incendiary, but as a moderating and constructive influence in her National Convention, risking his very life for the cause of clemency in dealing with a traitorous king. From France he returned to England, carrying the same doctrines of liberty, no cold utilitarian conception of individual rights, but a rich human gospel of a commonwealth sustained by a passion of humanity as deep and real as ever inflamed the soul of man. Roosevelt's 'dirty little atheist' was one of the first open advocates of the liberation of the negro slaves, of the abolition of capital punishment, of international treaties of arbitration: forty years before Comte he was

the author of the phrase 'the Religion of Humanity.' So far, indeed, was he from the atheist his malignant traducers represented him as being, that his first and avowed motive in writing his *Age of Reason* was to induce man to 'return to the pure, unmixed, and unadulterated belief in one God and no other.'

It is true that Paine was republican and Deist, an enemy of kings and churches. But many men of great and undimmed honour held the same principles: Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, and others of the 'Fathers' were Deists, and in England that creed was even fashionable in certain aristocratic quarters. Paine's real sin was not that he preached Deism in the land of Bolingbroke, Hume, and Gibbon, or even that he professed republicanism in the age of rising republics, but that he succeeded for the first time in inoculating the people with these heresies. There was no danger in philosophic revolutionism at a guinea a volume, but 200,000 copies of the first part of the *Rights of Man* within two years of its appearance in 1791 revealed to the ruling aristocracy the new peril of a serf population who could read and think, and presently might act for themselves.

For Paine found thought and feeling for the first batch of literate working men. He discovered this large new sort of Englishman, and invented a new, vigorous language for his use. A far more genuine thinker than Cobbett, he set him the example of terse, direct, dignified and sinuous English, with which these two men won the position of the first popular prose writers. It was not the views but the popularity of Paine, the reflection that his thoughts might spread among masses of men discontented with their hard lot, who might take ideas in earnest and strive to put them into practice, that brought upon Paine's head the vials of anger and calumny from persons in authority in Church and State. No wonder his books were burned by the common hangman, himself substituted for Guy Fawkes on the fifth of November, and his character blackened from a thousand lying pulpits! 'Invent printing,' wrote Carlyle, 'and you invent democracy.' Not quite so! Invent a sort of writing which when printed shall be understanded of the people, then you invent democracy. And this, earlier and better than any other man, is what Thomas Paine did. For this reason he was hated and maligned by those classes

endowed with the power to make hatred and malignity effective. For this reason he will recover a glorious though tardy fame among those who take the necessary trouble to rectify false estimates and to do honour to one of the most truly honourable men who have striven to serve mankind.

THE CASE OF SAMUEL BUTLER

It has frequently been made a matter of surprise that as a nation we have produced so many great humourists. Indeed it sometimes seems as if we produced them in no other sense than by offering them an incomparable butt. For it is possible that the sort of failure we exhibit in our attitude towards humour is one of the conditions that evokes its finest quality. Consider, for example, the exquisite naïveté of a people who, with an open Shakespeare, have solemnly expressed and handed down the astonishing discovery that 'There's many a true word spoken in jest.' A 'jester' still remains for them a silly, merry creature, who, in his rambling talk, just happens occasionally to say something true without meaning it. This arises in no small measure from our departmental view of life, itself the product of the cautious

plodding which has been the secret of our 'getting on.' Our humorists we value for recreation: we like them to play whimsically with trifles, or, when they touch serious matters, to give us the sort of sentiment we understand. Humour is not for revelation or discovery of truth: for such purposes we keep philosophers and men of science. It is true that we will sometimes allow a humorist to pretend to be a philosopher, or even a man of science, but we know he is pretending all the time. Otherwise we should not let him do it. For when occasionally a humorist comes along who kicks against our view of him as jester, and pretends that his philosophy or even his science is real, asserting that his humour is a truly scientific instrument, we recognise at once that this is carrying a jest too far, and squelch him. If he is a writer, we say that he is either dull or impertinent, and refuse to read him. Occasionally one escapes, assisted by special circumstances, and lives to play a curious part in the amenities of our standard literature. Swift escaped, not for his genius, but because of the high value which just then happened to attach to one of his by-products, his ability as party pamphleteer. Defoe

learned better than to repeat his *True Born Englishman.*

The case of Samuel Butler, a cheap edition of whose practically unknown works has just been published by Messrs Fifield, is much to the point. One of his books, *Erewhon*, surprised the public into reading it when it came out in 1872. For it was cunningly coated with an upper crust of tasty pleasantry, of audacious whim, and clever topsy-tuveydom, pretending to describe a people who were so absurdly wrong as to imprison persons for being physically instead of morally ill, and to condemn machines as enemies and destined tyrants of mankind. But it never reached a wide public, and was quietly smothered when readers found that, biting through the crust, they came upon a thick stratum of pure and poignant irony, the real humour, a serious criticism of our accepted and approved standard of values. That the Erewhonians should try a man on the charge of pulmonary consumption, the line of defence being that the prisoner was simulating consumption in order to defraud an insurance company, is very 'funny,' so long as it is not seriously suggested that sound health is a more fundamental basis of a sound society than conven-

tional morality of any sort, and that wilful, careless, or even unlucky propagation of disease is worse, in the only sense bad has, than any similarly motived moral infection. But when we come to recognise that this is the sort of 'truth' that the 'humorist' intends to convey, and that he affects a mission to rip off the make-believe from whole big departments of conventional thought and feeling, we recognise him for a dangerous man and drop him. There is nothing base or contemptible about this action of the public: society must defend her accepted standards, and this is her instinctive method of doing so. For Samuel Butler, the most brilliant and penetrating, and even the most fruitfully constructive critic of his generation, it meant not absolute oblivion during his life, but a sort of reputation better devised than any other to dam up his legitimate influence, that of a paradoxical utopian, the champion of a ridiculous notion that a woman wrote the *Odyssey*. So, although he wrote many brilliant, some of them closely-reasoned, works on science, art, and morals, it is safe to compute that his intellectual influence on his age did not amount to one tithe of that of shall we say, the late Dean Farrar, or the

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late Duke of Argyll. This is how the public the educated public, be it borne in mind, does and apparently must treat its greatest humorists, if they insist on using their humour for its highest purpose, that of the discovery and assessment of human values. For much of the topsy-turveydom of *Erewhon* is not mere playful perverseness, but prophecy. Perhaps, indeed, the spiral of civilisation works this way: at any rate it looks as if we were entering an era when pulmonary consumption will be treated as a crime and homicide or theft as diseases, when what happens before birth will be accounted more important than what happens after death, and when machinery will be put under restraint.

A greater book, however, than *Erewhon*, is Butler's posthumous novel, *The Way of All Flesh*, which has probably been rescued from hasty burial by the powerful enconium of Mr Bernard Shaw, who has thus expended a little of the adventitious fame which he, like Butler in the Erewhon days, has won by the cunning of his upper crust. An 'uncomfortable' book, with its uncompromising process of disillusionment pursued into the very sanctuary of our inner respectability, the clergyman's profession as it works out in

home life, with an illustration of the relations between the worship of Ydgrun (Grundy) and the orthodox religion, the whole picture of a certain tough, enduring type of British family life, illumined by flashes of profound and serious wisdom which tell certain truths never told so boldly and so well before. Our genius for avoiding the disturbing and uncomfortable enables most of us to set aside such a book as bitterly unfair distortion. But the sober fact is that it tells us a larger quantity of more important things we ought to want to know about ourselves as human beings and as educated Englishmen than any other recent book. That satire and sometimes even a more mordant brand of humour are employed, carrying some necessary alloy of extravagance, is true, but in no other way can certain subtly-hidden truths be got out. But irony and satire with Butler were not surgical instruments, wielded with grim satisfaction by a skilled operator: just and noble sympathy with men and women, a wonderfully loving interpretation of children, inspiring his subtle criticism of the process called 'education,' a large and benevolent toleration of folly and frailty—such feelings underlie the irony of the philosopher.

There is, however, another quality of Butler's genius which in his life-time went to his undoing. Our 'departmentalism' has operated with peculiar force in recent times to set aside and to specialise 'men of science' who, however much they wrangle among themselves and contradict one another, are authoritative revealers of the reigning truths within their provinces. Even the attempts of non-humorous philosophers to meddle and ask awkward questions are bitterly resented. What, then, shall be done to a mere literary man, a jester, who comes into the sacred ring and plucks the high-priest himself by the beard? That the author of a comic skit, with no scientific credentials, who is not even an F.R.S. like Mr Balfour, should set about to tackle Darwin upon the logic of his explanation of the process of evolution, and, what is worse, convict him of a hopeless entanglement of inconsistency, is not to be endured. It is allowable for a bishop to try and strangle a scientific monster in infancy, but when the monster has become a reputable member of society and has even been 'confirmed,' there is only one condemnation to be applied to such disturbers of the intellectual peace. It is shocking. We doubt not that

many, even among those who admire Butler's critical humour in his social and artistic studies, think he might better have let science alone. And yet the least reflection will show us that no modern humorist can let science alone, not even the lighter jesters like Mark Twain or Mr Dooley. For the new reign of awe which science has set up in 'educated' man is the richest subject in our time for deeper humorous reflection. Concerned primarily with the feeling and thinking processes of 'educated' man, Butler was obliged to test the methods of the new hierarchy. And so he came to steep himself in mazy controversies about instinct, inheritance, and the wild logic by which biologists have striven to convert chance variation into organic progress, sinking out of sight his lighter humour in the zest of the intellectual hunt, or thinning it down into a brilliant dialectic. No cleverer exposure has been made of the strange proclivity of scientific men to become charlatans from an eagerness to improvise sonorous doctrines out of the new facts they have so diligently gathered. But humour is not a merely or a finally destructive power, and Butler uses his in positive constructive ways that are full of rich suggestion. His theory

of embryonic recapitulation as a literal exercise of race memory, and other ingenuities of his genius for analogy, may find no wide acceptance as contributions to scientific interpretation. But he laid his finger with unerring accuracy upon certain crude defects of the Darwinian theory which later scientists are even now struggling to repair.

His 'philosophy,' the intellectual mould his humour takes, is idealistic, as is that of other great humorists. But his ethics, or practical attitude towards life, veer round towards 'common sense,' regarding actual conduct as more important than motive, and normal utilities as better guides than formal principles, humane instincts than the elaborated arts of individual or social government. Taken all in all, he is, perhaps, the keenest, broadest, and most fearless mind of our age, playing freely and brilliantly on matters of the most urgent importance, and almost reduced to the hazardous fame of a single ill-read and half-forgotten book. Such is the case of a great modern humorist.

II

THE WOMAN OF THE FUTURE

THE WOMAN OF THE FUTURE

THE trivial attention given to anthropology in this country is responsible for much misunderstanding of the 'woman's movement. Romantic feminists have pieced together out of shreds of vague history and bold hypothesis a picture of a 'golden age' of matriarchy, when women not only ruled the roost on the domestic hearth, but held supreme authority in public affairs, keeping the harmless necessary male for foraging and police. The future they envisage, not indeed as a complete return to this primal sway, but as a liberation from the domestic and political tyranny of man, and an equal participation in all the economic activities which men have hitherto appropriated. Not less romantic in origin are the alarms of those who, posing as defenders of the family, have dramatised the revolt of women as a strike against motherhood and home life, substituting for the ideal

of chivalrous protection in life-long union, free competition in every walk of life qualified by temporary partnerships, upon agreed conditions of equal liberty.

Study of the natural history of man, fragmentary and uncertain though it be, serves to dispel these extravagances of hope or apprehension. Closer research into primitive society, past or present, lends little support to the notion of a general supremacy of woman. As women by physique, disposition, and maternal occupation, were more stationary, they and the 'home' they made were the earliest centres in savage society. To this shelter and companionship the 'motor male' would return from his roving in the chase or fight. The women and the children of a clan, living and working together with some fixity of place, would represent the beginnings of local society; they would build the huts, collect some little store of food, practise the crudest forms of agriculture, invent and make some rough utensils out of plaited twigs or earth. Thus the earliest sorts of useful property, except the weapons, nets, and other snares for fighting and hunting, were made by the women, carried about by them, and belonged to them.

Children in such an order were owned by the mother, and reckoned their descent from her alone, for, as has been said, 'maternity is a matter of observation, paternity of inference,' and in any case male occupations were not consistent with any regular care for the family. The superior settlement and comparative self-sufficiency of the women in some savage tribes undoubtedly gave them a strong position in dealing with their men folk; their individual inferiority of physical force was compensated by solidarity in forming habits and supporting them by public opinion, in which they were clever enough to utilise those psychic factors of taboo and other 'magic' which play so conspicuous a part in savage society.

So it seems to have come about that the earliest differentiation of sex activities sometimes tended to give women a *rôle* of economic, and even in some instances political supremacy. As the more arduous, adventurous, but irregular strains fell upon the men, the women figured as pioneers in the industrial arts and in peaceful group polity. The biological interpretation of these sex relations is skilfully expounded in a learned little volume just published by an American sociologist,

Professor W. J. Thomas (*Sex and Society*). Though a genuine matriarchy is by no means to be inferred from the wide prevalence of the maternal system of descent in most primitive societies, Professor Thomas finds reason to believe that in not a few tribes of America, Africa, and the Pacific, the earliest condition of women, though not one of ease, was one of greater dignity and greater practical liberty, so far as male control was concerned, than that which supervened with advancing civilisation. But even in such cases, as Mr L. T. Hobhouse has pointed out in an interesting chapter in his *Morals in Evolution*, the formal equality or even authority with which women seemed to have been invested, probably did not carry in most instances an equivalent amount of real control, and in all great emergencies, the more energetic and resourceful males would assume absolute control. Moreover, there are many instances, especially in the tribes of Australia, in which women seem from the earliest times to have been a slave class, treated by their male owners with inveterate brutality.

If, however, we hold with Professor Thomas that the condition found in many tribes on the American Continent is more truly typical of

the primitive sex relations, we can follow him along a fairly logical series of steps in his further analysis. The beginnings of agriculture and manufacture, due to the contrivances and industry of women round the home, developed the institution and the sense of property, and with this the dominance of man and the corresponding subjection of woman began. Now that food and other needs could be got by other ways than killing and plunder, men turned their attention to industry and, while still leaving to the women most of the routine drudgery, applied what biology terms their 'katabolic' character to industrial invention, improving the efficiency of agriculture and primitive manufactures, even taking over to themselves the arts of sewing, spinning, and weaving, because of their superior craving for adornment.

So it would appear that the three typical modern sex relations, with their correspondent 'women's spheres,' gradually emerged from the obscurity of early barbarism. The man asserted his supremacy in the home, wife and children became his property, for use or for ornament, as he deemed fit, an autocracy usually tempered by custom, sometimes limited by law, but commonly absolute in

the general control of life. The superior male energy and initiative led to a redistribution of economic functions, by which the women were intellectually the losers, for almost all the industrial arts involving risk, skill, and interest, passed into male hands, while the drudgery of imitation and routine alone was left to women.

Modern movements have largely reference to the domestic and economic bondage thus fastened on woman partly by the superior force, partly by the cultivated aptitudes of man. But there is a third note in the demand for independence, which is most significant. It is often observed that the women who are keenest in asserting their rights have the least to complain of, as a class, so far as lack of domestic liberty and imposition of economic drudgery are concerned. A subtler injury, however, is imposed on woman than a life of toil, namely, a life of decorative idleness, supported and elaborated for the display of male power and wealth. In ancient societies profusion of domestic luxury was only possible for a few chiefs and nobles, whose type was the palace of the Oriental despot, with its harem of expensive beauties. Western mediæval chivalry, with its romantic feint of

elevating woman, was in essence a fantastic embroidery of this decorative use. Thus idleness, varied with futile frivolity, became the badge of woman's gentility. When the modern spread of wealth enabled larger numbers of new men to vie with the older aristocracy in a decorative kind of life, more women were drawn into the circle, and the merchant, the manufacturer, the professional class, imposed upon their women the same leisured round of showy ritual humorously called 'social duties.' It is often supposed that women prefer this life, but even if it be so, this very preference is imposed upon them in those standards and ideals of sex conduct and character which men have made and impressed through customs, laws, and literature. Those who disparage the intellectual character and achievements of the women of the educated classes should remember that the primary function, the decorative one, imposed upon them to satisfy the pride of man, has of necessity impaired the character of their intellectual life.

Professor Thomas throws interesting light upon the psychology of woman, as affected in the later stages of history by the necessity of accomodating her behaviour and her

feelings to the structure of society determined by the economic and political needs and activities of man. This opens the door to a wider apprehension of some aspects of the emancipation of woman. Just as the practical subordination of the manual workers is a source of social instability in the national economy, while the condition of the 'subject races' is similarly a source of weakness and of retardation to the civilisation of the world, so it becomes manifest that the dependent character and position of women injure the growth of every social structure by disturbing the just balance of human forces in the development of social forms. Amid much extravagance and misdirection, due in large measure to an unsuccessful endeavour to 'rationalise' what is essentially an instinctive movement of reform, 'feminism' moves along sane lines of progress.

Biological considerations lend no support to the fear lest growing liberty and equality of opportunity should 'unsex' woman, and the 'womanly woman' tend to disappear. Indeed, it would appear that, on the contrary, sex differences are more likely to be emphasised. For whereas under existing conditions marriage and maternity are forced

upon most women as the only chance of a decent livelihood, under a regime of fuller liberty and opportunity only those women who have some vocation for matrimony will become wives and mothers. Similarly men who are less attractive than their fellows to women, will be less likely to marry and to hand down their nature to posterity, when women have an option to the career of wife-hood. In other words, selection will operate more freely and with greater accuracy and stringency when women have more liberty, with the effect of securing the survival of more 'womanly women' and more 'manly men,' thus making rather for the wider divergence of sex types than for confusion. Such at any rate would seem to be the logic of the movement.

THE SEX WAR

'WHEN forty years ago,' said an elderly Radical in our hearing, 'some of us greeted with enthusiasm the ideal of cultured womanhood in Tennyson's *Princess* we did not think that the higher education of women would end in street fights with the police, and brawlings at public meetings.' Certainly these sensational events are the fruits of female education. The franchise agitation on its pacific side has found almost all its keenest and most energetic workers among women of intellectual culture, and the physical force of propagandism is itself the extreme expression of the 'logic' of the situation. 'As outlaws, we must behave as outlaws and suffer as outlaws, winning by force and suffering the gains which history shows have always demanded this price.' When the Southern planters in the United States forbade by rigorous penalties the

teaching of reading and writing among the negro slaves, they were prompted by a true self-regarding instinct. 'Invent printing and you invent democracy,' said Carlyle. Put the Bible into the hands of Zulus, or the Declaration of Independence into the hands of Filipinos, Macaulay's *History* and Mill's *Liberty* into the hands of Hindoos, and they become revolutionary documents, inciting to illegal violence precisely those minds that are most susceptible to the influence of ideas. We may go further back, and find the true origin of the Woman's Suffrage Movement in the slow admission of the view that women have souls. Indeed, the Mussulman is the only logical anti-suffragist, for the rational transition from souls to votes is irresistible. But that the impregnable reasonableness of the demand will stamp itself upon the Statute-Book either now or within our present range of vision is by no means certain. For though logic and the desire to achieve intellectual harmony in political arrangements are sometimes unduly disparaged by students of history, sound dialectics can seldom carry the day against the primitive motives. Now the problem which is being disclosed by the clash of this new dramatic movement is far

subtler and deeper-rooted than appears upon the surface.

It belongs to what is sometimes called 'the war of the sexes,' a fact which is as real as the harmony essential to the maintenance of the species. But this antagonism is not the simple one which would be presented by the free play of men's and women's lives springing from the physical differences of sex function. In a civilised society thus springing up one would expect a chasm between the æsthetics and the morals of the two sexes, which, if they were brought together on the plane of politics, would war with one another. And this in essence is a struggle of the future. But it is both vitiated and exasperated by what may provisionally be termed the 'artificial' interference of men with the evolution of woman. By this we mean not merely the arrogation to himself by man, in all save a few instances of savage societies, of the sole determination of the larger outer events in the history of the family, the tribe, the nation, but the moulding of the character and conduct of woman. Man has not merely formed for himself his conceptions of what women ought to be and to do, but he has brought about a conventional

and emotional acceptance of these conceptions by woman herself. Now this we take to be the most real grievance of woman, and the claim for political rights we regard as one of the modes of protest and of remedy against the ancient claim of man to mould the destiny and character of woman to suit his needs and his notions of what woman and the family should be. Take, for example, the common use of such terms as 'virtue' and 'honour,' in their relation to the sexes. No one can question that the wide divergence in their use for the two sexes, and their special application to women, are essentially masculine inventions, and embody masculine ideals. There may be, nay must be, wide divergences between the ideals of male and female goodness and propriety, which would spring up among men and women. But assuredly they would not be identical with these divergences which are distinctly man-made.

The actual physical and economic domination exercised by man has made woman after his own image, and by imposing his ideal has thwarted hers. The very shock which the Suffragette methods have caused among emotional men and imitative women is due in no small measure to the fact that man has

bred and trained a sort of woman apt to seek and gain her ends by subtlety and sexual cajolery, rather than by plain demands of right, sustained by that physical force which man recognises as serviceable in the assertion of his rights. The distorted and exasperated sex antagonism thus exhibited by the Woman's Franchise Movement is not confined to the physical force propaganda, or even to the opponents of the demand for the franchise. The most striking illustration of its character is seen among male Radicals, many of them out and out democrats, and sufficiently intelligent to admit the clear logic of democracy in its bearing on the issue. 'I agree that representative government involves the direct and equal representation in Parliament of the needs, desires, and experience of all the people, and that this involves Woman's Suffrage. As a rational man, accepting this clear implication of democracy, I should vote for Woman's Suffrage. But I don't like it, and I feel a secret sympathy with any action, not my own, which retards its consummation.'

This candid avowal implies two facts. First, that the long tradition of woman as an ornament, a comforter, has left, as it

inevitably must, even upon enlightened men, some survival of its impress; in Meredithian language, that they have not yet rounded 'Cape Turk.' Secondly, there is the instinctive defence of the 'old man,' against the anticipated encroachments of the 'new woman.' What the ordinary man condenses into the fear lest woman voters might close the public-house, the notion that life generally may be over-feminised, plays a very important part in the opposition not only to woman's franchise but to woman's entrance upon any of the industrial and professional fields which man has held as male preserves. It is not wholly the greed of the monopolist, but a fear, well grounded or not, of feminism.

This feeling and, above all, the knowledge held by many Liberal politicians that it is shared by most of their fellow-Liberals has, of course, found expression in the disingenuous policy of procrastination and prevarication which Suffragists naturally resent. It has there united with other easily intelligible motives of short-range party opportunism, the fear of the Church, of the country house, and of 'forty years in the wilderness.' But suffragists, inflamed with indignation at the contradiction between Liberal theory and

Liberal practice, may do well to reflect that though the opportunism of Conservative Party managers may appear encouraging to their cause, the deeper sex-antagonism we dwell upon will be even stronger among the rank and file of the Conservative Party.

The problem as we see it finds its closest analogy in those race-issues which come to the front in all mixed communities where democracy is seeking to assert itself Where one race has long held another in slavery or in subjection, the character and will both of master and of subject-race are so injured by the experience that the growth of a new relationship on a basis of equality is a very slow process. It may take many generations more to breed out of the Southern States the love of masterhood which mocks their pretensions to 'democracy,' while the physical repulsion which, in spite of the illicit intermixture, remains a genuine barrier, may always be a weakness in their political and social system. Though the same obstacles to harmony do not exist in the sex struggle it is right for thoughtful people to try and recognise that this Suffrage movement is not merely for a vote—a thing bought and sold for half-a-crown among some grades of male

citizens—but that it belongs to one of the great tidal movements of civilisation, the assertion of the right and duty of women to form womanly standards of judgment and conduct for themselves instead of receiving them from men, as the necessary condition of a more enlightened society in which these standards will find equal expression with those of men in the life of the family, the city, and the State.

'THE ALARM OF MOTHERHOOD'

THE worst injury inflicted by a wrong is that it disposes the sufferer to seek wrong remedies. The history of revolt is full of examples, and certain extremities of the woman's movement afford a recent illustration. The passionate reaction against masculine repression, and the denial of fair opportunities for individual development, have led a certain section of feminists to a repudiation and disparagement of maternal and domestic life. No one familiar with the utterances of these extreme advocates can fail to recognise that their main object is to reduce to a minimum the claims of maternity as regards the rearing and education of children, and, by entrusting to outside specialism almost the whole of what are known as domestic duties, to secure for women, married or unmarried, the liberty to take an equal part with men in every

form of external activity. The full achievement of this policy, expressed in the writings of so outspoken a champion as Mrs Gilman, would virtually reduce the sexual contribution of woman to the single and rare act of bearing a child, which should at once be removed from her unskilled and amateur care to be passed through various processes of nurture and education carried on by skilled specialists. Against the excessive and perverse rationalism of such appeals the mere instinct of conservatism is not impotent. But we are glad to recognise inside the ranks of feminism itself a growing voice of protest. The rising study of Eugenics may restore a salutary order to the march of feminism, by the stress it lays upon the peculiar and dominating contribution to Nature's work which she requires from women.

Without acceding to the extreme demands which Dr Saleeby makes for Eugenics as the science of human progress, in his new book, *Parenthood and Race Culture*, we strongly favour the powerful plea which it contains for a sane interpretation of maternity. He holds, as most Eugenists do, that the greatest perils in modern civilisation are due

to the refusal to face the necessity of replacing the crude and cruel forms of natural selection by rational selection, working by law or intelligent opinion. Though wide differences exist as to the possibility of applying directly eugenic tests of parentage, thoughtful men and women are coming to an earnest agreement as to the importance of discouraging manifestly unfit unions, and, if possible, encouraging marriage and parentage of the highest types. No sophistical quibbling about standards of fitness can shake the urgency of this social policy. Now the Eugenist rightly insists that in this supreme reform woman is destined to play a more important part than man, and that the chief and avowed aim of true feminism should be to secure the best possible conditions for maternity and for the home as the nursery of racial progress. Though certain Eugenists, unduly weighted by biology, have imparted an air of mere animalism to their proposals, Dr Saleeby liberates his art from such an imputation. He insists on the spiritual significance and values which belong to good parentage and the education of a happily-ordered home. Needless to say, these demands of Eugenics

are not opposed to the truly liberative movement. Eugenics implies, and, indeed, demands, for women a freedom of choice for marriage involving important changes in their economic and social condition. Economic independence is essential in order that there may be no forced motherhood, and that the children of the next generation may be the fruit of unions to which both parties are drawn by natural affinity, not of unions motived, to a large extent, by economic necessity. But such freedom involves for women an alternative mode of life and livelihood. Thus it requires for them the fullest educational and social opportunities to enter every sphere of industrial and professional work for which they can equip themselves. History teaches us that this full industrial equality is not obtainable for any race, class, or sex deprived of equal political and civil rights. Thus the claims of Eugenics strongly reinforce all the rational claims of the emancipation movement.

At the same time it is important clearly to recognise the limitations set by Eugenics upon the extreme interpretation of women's rights. This doctrine looks to an ideal of

society in which sex duties are reduced to a negligible quantity, and men and women in equal numbers are to compete and co-operate in every sort of productive activity under identical conditions. Assigning, as he does, a more central place to woman than to man, both in parentage itself and in the arts of an ideal home, the Eugenist recognises that important differences in methods of education and of industry must follow this sex specialisation. The refusal of many feminists to recognise this truth is seen in their persistent opposition to the legal limitations which every civilised State sets upon certain conditions of women's industry. This is not sex oppression, as masculine monopoly of legislation inclines them to pretend, but merely a safeguarding of maternity. So also, in the sphere of education, if it be true that the strain of severe intellectualism involves heavier risks to women than to men, Eugenics will defend a similar sex discrimination, which will be no offence against equality, but a defence of the great creative work of woman in the world. It is interesting to find that advanced women themselves are coming to face clearly this at first unpalatable truth. So the Swedish feminist, Miss Ellen

Key, in her now translated work, 'The Century of the Child,' boldly states and defends the proposition that women must admit that the larger part which nature gives them in the work of racial progress implies some sacrifice of individual development in education and the intellectual life. The half perception of this opposition between the affirmation of the individual self and the perpetuation and progress of the race is, according to this writer, responsible for a growing 'alarm of motherhood'—'a fear which to-day has taken possession of so many strenuous and creative women.' 'It is as if a secret voice in the depths of their nature was telling these women that, by paying their tribute to their sex, they would lose that power, brilliancy, and sharpness of intellect by which they have elevated themselves above their sex.'

This insistence that the creative power of woman must ever be so largely absorbed in maternity and its related duties as to preclude the likelihood of women competing successfully with the larger reserves of masculine creative energy in the arts and sciences or in most skilled industries, will not, perhaps, be easily accepted by women filled with the

fierce spirit of that individual self-assertion which has been over-emphasised by recent Western civilisation. But may we not trust Nature herself in the last resort to administer the necessary corrective to that crude individualism? Of this, indeed, sexual selection will itself take care, by securing that those types of women who feel her deeper and more sacred promptings shall prevail, so moulding the type of future motherhood, and securing the well-being and the progress of the race.

THE BUSINESS OF MARRIAGE

THE mercenary side of marriage has always been a favorite theme of the male satirist. The anxious matron with a bunch of marketable daughters, angling in 'Society' for eligible husbands, the maiden past her prime plying her craft with bolder and more conscious coquetry, the young beauty fresh from the schoolroom assessing the captures of her first season, have furnished coarse humor to a hundred novelists. Few have even had the heart to recognise with Thackeray the pathos, the tragic import, of this marriage-market. The sober moralists who have bewailed such mercenary intrigues as a profanation of true marriage and a sure source of marital unhappiness have, as a rule, failed equally to gauge the real issue. The breadth and the depth of the matter alike escape their vision. Imputing the fault to a levity of nature, or a too eager drive of sex, or to a dread of

'social failure' on the part of woman—the three favorite male explanations—they fail to diagnose the case.

The view that every woman craves to be a wife and mother, that she wants to attach herself to a man and to serve him in a home, that her claims of self-development, and of careers and duties outside the realm of domesticity, are, except in rare examples of 'unsexed' women, unsubstantial, still holds the field. Not only most men accept it, but most women. Does this consensus guarantee its truth? Not at all, if we admit the searching analysis of the psychology and economics of marriage and the sex relation given by Miss Cicely Hamilton in her book *Marriage as a Trade*. Her argument may be briefly stated thus: Woman as she appears in civilised society to-day is not as Nature makes her; her bearing and conduct, her very thoughts and feelings, have been 'made over' by man. Man, the physically stronger being, has been impelled, primarily by his sexual feeling, to keep woman in close personal subjection. Law and usage, through all the complex course of civilisation, have been constantly moulded so as to deprive woman of any option but to sell her person for a livelihood

to a man. Any real power to acquire independent property or to pursue a profitable career in a business or profession, which should release any large number of women from the necessity of finding a husband, would evidently break the sex dominion exercised by man. To prevent any such successful revolt, man, with half-conscious cunning, has woven a whole fantastic code of ethics and of chivalry. She is to be the angel of the home, man is to protect and worship her, by gentle craft she is to influence him and exercise control in all the minor details of their life. Mother and housekeeper, she is to have, not pay, not liberty, but a subtler power and joy which proceeds from the sure satisfaction of her nature as a woman. She must be screened from full personal knowledge of the harsher facts of life, she must not take part in the coarse struggle of politics or business for fear of damaging the delicacy of her nature. She should not be keenly intellectual, beyond the point of feigning an intelligent sympathy with the life of her husband: even in these days the bluestocking remains at a discount in the marriage market. Men do not like a woman who can and will stand up to them in argument.

Why? In the last resort, because intellect is a badge and an instrument of liberty Miss Hamilton, in developing her thesis, lays, perhaps, overmuch stress upon the sex factor as the conscious guiding force. Male pride of personal prowess, as expressed in a life of luxurious display and ornament, has played a very important part in directing the life and character of woman among the well-to-do classes, and even by servile imitation among the poorer classes. The successful American who uses his wife as a setting for diamonds has grafted on to the original desire of male possession an important secondary use.

But among our upper and middle-class life the real force of this economic interpretation of marriage is obscured by a host of refinements which have helped to preserve a more romantic view. It is among the working-classes that the difference between the masculine and the feminine attitude towards marriage stands out most clearly. Marriage is a voluntary matter for the man; for the great mass of women it is compulsory, their only practicable mode of earning and of keeping an 'honest' livelihood. No one who fairly faces the damning fact that the

normal wage for an able-bodied, capable working-woman is a 'sweating' wage, definitely below the true cost of physical subsistence, can possibly dispute this statement. We may, and do, maintain that Miss Hamilton unjustly charges man with the conscious intentional contrivance of a situation which thus drives woman under male 'protection,' but the moral, almost the physical, compulsion is undeniable. The conditions of girls' and women's employment in most trades are so unremunerative, so onerous, and so degrading, that it is no wonder they are driven to declare 'I would marry any one, to get out of this.' Those who realise what this means for women, for marriage, and the family, will get a stronger hold of the meaning of the phrase 'emancipation of women' than in any other way. Until women of all classes are free to choose marriage and maternity, not as a trade but as a vocation, 'the family' will remain despotic, shorn of its finer spiritual uses, and out of keeping with the modern conception of personal liberty as the requisite of social progress. The suggestion that the brief romance of courtship affords any true condition for a choice in marriage, or that the survival of masculine affection is a

sufficient guarantee against domestic tyranny is hardly sincere. Though we hold that among the better-to-do classes the wife and mother has made a real advance in practical liberty of late, male predominance in determining most of the larger issues upon which the judgment of the wife ought equally to weigh is still the rule, while among large sections of the wage-earners family life is a frank tyranny, tempered by female 'management.'

This illiberalism of the family has reactions in the wider fields of politics. For despotism in the home is inconsistent with democracy in the city and the State. The abuse of law, custom, and morality, in forcing women into a single common mould determined by the desires of the ordinary husband, has been a chief retarding influence in civilisation. That such an abuse begets exaggerated protests is inevitable, and that such exaggeration shall be seized by man as a means of evading the real issue equally follows from the logic of the case. The treatment of this book by the English press bears out this interpretation. Miss Hamilton's work has received considerable attention as a witty rendering of a perversely paradoxical position; its brightness, even brilliancy, of literary expression

has been turned into a pretext for escaping all serious consideration of its sociologica. thesis.

Now, her contention that 'woman, as we know her, is largely the product of the conditions imposed upon her by her staple industry' deserves closer discussion, as one of the three or four fundamental questions of the age. We make this avowal more freely because we differ widely from the estimate which the writer appears to set upon the work of woman as wife and mother. We accept Miss Hamilton's account of the supreme wrong done by man to woman. It consists in setting up a single standard of character and life for her, thus educating her not towards free self-development along the lines of her natural capacities, but towards pleasing someone else, to wit, the prospective husband and father of her children. Now, this endeavour to make all women approximate to a single type is a flying in the face of Nature. 'It is ridiculous to suppose that Nature, who never makes two blades of grass alike, desired to turn out indefinite millions of women all cut to the regulation pattern of wifehood; that is to say, all home-loving, charming, submissive, industrious,

unintelligent, tidy, possessed with a desire to please, well-dressed, jealous of their own sex, self-sacrificing, cowardly, filled with a burning passion for maternity, endowed with a talent for cooking, narrowly uninterested in the world outside their own gates, and capable of sinking their own identity and interests in the interests and identity of a husband.'

Although this vigorous portraiture of the wifely type may at first sight be resented as a bitter caricature by most men open-minded enough to read such a book, reflection will win from most of them a candid recognition of its substantial accuracy. There is a masculine desire to force or induce all women within their sphere of influence to conform to this ideal, and religion, education, literature, and art have all been subtly pressed into this service. The personality of woman and her individuality of character and career have thus been cramped and mutilated. But our account of the supreme injury differs from Miss Hamilton's. One quite amazing sentence in her book brings out this divergence. 'To him the accidental factor in woman's life is the all-important.' Sex and marriage are for women merely an 'accidental factor,'

one among many possible and equally desirable careers! Her protest is made on behalf of the right of every woman to live a complete life of her own for her separate well-being and enjoyment. Now this refusal to recognise the dominant part of maternity in the life of woman, this dogmatic assertion of feminine individualism, appears to us an utterly erroneous account of what 'Nature' demands for woman. The notion of counteracting the egoism of man by setting up a corresponding egoism of woman is surely the most hopeless of all solutions and the most unworthy. The true rationale of the revolt of woman is based on recognising that the free self-development of woman and her choice of a career are essential to the progress of society.

Part of the loss society sustains is due, no doubt, to the refusal of permission to women to engage in the arts and industries on equal terms with men. But a far graver injury consists in the evil effects which compulsory marriage and maternity produce in the character of the family and the home. A finer, freer, and more varied type of womanhood is needed, primarily, for the education and the elevation of the race. The free

personality of woman, as of man, is not an all-sufficient end; the wider service of humanity must qualify such freedom. If man has learned this lesson ill, it is for woman not to copy his mistake but to correct it. The self-assertion of a sex, and of individuality within the sex, is no solution of this, the most perplexed of all our social problems.

III

AMERICAN TRAITS

THE GENIUS OF LINCOLN

FOREIGNERS, from De Tocqueville to Mr Henry James, have complained of a lack of distinction in American life. So travellers, glutted with the glory of ancient temples and palaces in India, have found China uninteresting, for it contains so few great monuments. The complaint is raised against equality. For the architectural magnificence in India was reared upon forced labour and popular servitude. The distinction of manners and of personality which European visitors miss in America is a survival of feudal status. The imitative culture of the Eastern cities of the States has bowed shamefacedly before the taunt. For every nation has its own snobbishness, and this weak susceptibility to 'a certain condescension in foreigners' has been America's. It is not true that Americans are 'snobs' in our British manner; the worship even of aspiring American women

for rank and social position does not carry the servile deference it carries here; the admiration of the millionaire is rather that of an image than of a personal superior.

But the imported culture standards of America have evoked a peculiar transatlantic snobbishness, which finds its plainest expression in the fact that most educated Americans are ashamed of their own distinctive literary man, Walt Whitman. The same deference to European valuations showed itself in a romantic parade of George Washington and 'the fathers,' and the craving for a national fame through war and empire, which even now is finding expression in the demand for a big navy and a world policy. Washington was certainly a great man, he was also a great Virginian, but he was not a great American in the sense of representing the life and spirit of the American experiment. The really representative American was he whose hundredth birthday is commemorated next week by all men and women capable of knowing in history a great man when they see him, Abraham Lincoln. The greatness of Lincoln was that of a common man raised to a high dimension. The possibility, still more the existence, of such

a man is itself a justification of democracy. We do not say that so independent, so natural, so complete a man cannot in older societies come to wield so large a power over the affairs and the minds of men; we can only say he has not done so, amid all the stirring movements of the nineteenth century. For sheer romantic interest of personality and career there is, perhaps, one figure among popular leaders which seems to challenge comparison, that of Garibaldi. But though his personal magic, his practical resourcefulness, his fateful absorption in the passion of a national cause were not less admirable, there was not the same intellect behind all nor the same variety of achievement.

The keynote to such understanding of Lincoln as is possible is simply this fact that he was a common man, had lived a common life, and knew the common people. Once, in a dream, we are told Lincoln saw a great crowd of people and himself passing among them. As he passed he heard a scornful voice call out, 'He's a common-looking fellow.' 'Friend,' retorted Lincoln, 'the Lord prefers common-looking people; that is why He made so many of them.'

The existence of this wide-spread commonalty explains the rarity of personal eminence in America. There has been and still remains a higher general level of personality than in any European country, and the degree of eminence is correspondingly reduced. It is just because America has stood for opportunity that conspicuous individuals have been rare. Strong personality has not been rare; abundance of it has been built up silently into the rising fabric of the American Commonwealth, pioneers, roadmakers, traders, lawyers, soldiers, teachers, toiling terribly over the material and moral foundations of the country, few of whose names have emerged or survived. Lincoln was of this stock, was reared among these rude energetic folk, had lived all these sorts of lives. He was no 'sport'; his career is a triumphant refutation of the traditional views of genius. He had no special gift or quality to distinguish him; he was simply the best type of American at a historic juncture when the national safety wanted such a man. The confidence which all Americans express that their country will be equal to any emergency which threatens it is not so entirely superstitious as it seems at first sight. For the

career of Lincoln shows how it has been done in a country where the 'necessary man' can be drawn not from a few leading families, or an educated class, but from the millions. Born in a log-cabin of a frontier camp, rail-splitter and farm lad in his early teens, roaming with his nomad father over the newly opening West, inured to labour, sport, and fight of wits and fists from boyhood, trader and boatman down the Mississippi, storekeeper, road-surveyor, soldier, bar-tender, when he began to settle down to law and politics in Illinois at twenty-one he had already gathered into his personality a wider knowledge of the real life of a people than it is possible for the product of Eton and Oxford in this country, or of the most efficient pedagogy of Germany, to furnish for the service of the State. Lincoln 'had not any education to speak of.' Fond biographers tell how his early reading consisted of Shakespeare, the Bible, Æsop, Bunyan, and other great books, to which a profound influence is attributed. But this belongs to biographical hypocrisy. Abraham Lincoln, though fond at times of reading owed little to books, and would have gained little, if he had not lost, from the best literary

education of his time and country. For an inquisitive mind, with a Shakespearean power of assimilation, this early wandering life, with its direct knowledge of all kinds of people and of work, filled with incessant talk and streaks of love-making and physical adventure among unsophisticated, hard-living men and women, was an incomparably good nourishment. This method he kept up through all his early political career, as he 'rode the circuit' or 'took the stump' for some election. In a democracy what is pre-eminently wanted for a man who is to 'save the people' is well-grounded confidence, in himself, in the people, and in his power to do what is wanted. So it was that when the great issue of slavery was moving swiftly towards open rebellion, a certain miraculous stroke of popular perspicacity saw and demanded Lincoln. For the conditions of a society which made it possible for an obscure small country lawyer-politician to enter the lists with so renowned an antagonist as Douglas, to arouse a swiftly-expanding recognition of his powers, and to force himself untried to the helm of the State, were not fortuitous, but of the very substance of American democracy. Lincoln was truly

the choice of the wisdom of the mass, recognising the hazard of the situation and the need, not for an Eastern wire-puller or a statesman from the Harvard law school, but for a man of the people.

Lincoln's own wisdom, simple, compact, original and pertinent, and not any of the ordinary qualities which are attached to the term demagogue, gave him his hold upon the popular will, at a time when every intrigue which the malignity of enemies and the jealousy of political associates could devise was directed to his overthrow. Strong enough in will to indulge smaller weaknesses both in himself and others, he was able to withstand the secret general hostility which saps the power of an Aristides. He suffered not only fools, but even rogues, gladly. For he had that humour in him which even in its lighter qualities is essential to sympathy with the people. Like every 'good American,' he could jest at the rudest blows of fortune, and at the evils he most reprobated. Harassed incessantly in the opening days of his administration by the selfish clamour of impudent office-seekers, he could pause to lay his hand on the shoulder of an acquaintance who was passing in the White House

corridor to say, 'You haven't got such a thing as a postmaster in your pocket, have you?' —— stared at him in astonishment, as if suspecting a sudden attack of insanity. Then Lincoln went on: 'You see, it seems to me kind of unnatural that you shouldn't have at least a postmaster in your pocket. Everybody I've seen for days past has had foreign ministers and collectors, and all kinds, and I thought you couldn't have got in here without having at least a postmaster get into your pocket.'

His supreme greatness as statesman and as man is, of course, tested by the iron rod of single purpose with which he set himself to the policy of saving the Union, and for which he relentlessly kept under all other objects, even the suppression of the slavery he loathed. 'My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or to destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that.' To pursue an inevitable war with just the maximum of humanity circumstances would

permit, to stifle the passion of abolition until the time was fully ripe and the Union was safe, to steer a devious path of necessary opportunism through years of unceasing and unforeseen crises, when the cauldron of human passions kept boiling up towards anarchy, such an achievement of the indomitable will of man has hardly before been witnessed.

A fiercer light beats upon such a man than upon any throne, and exhibits many flaws and deficiences. His was no tight-drawn efficiency or immaculate morality. His long, awkward, loose figure was characteristic of the man. 'He always loafed a little,' one of his most intelligent biographers informs us. Probably he would have endorsed Lamb's saying, 'It is good sometimes to take an airing outside the strict diocese of the conscience,' as a maxim of practical utility. But no man capable of such a burden as he bore could be a light-hearted or light-living man, and no little part of the fascination of his influence is due to what those who write of him, for lack of a better term, call his mysticism, or some dark, impenetrable undercurrent of his life, perhaps deriving from the puritanic inheritance re-formed under the early solitude and struggles with

the untamed powers of nature in his childhood. Whatever its source, this tragic background of melancholy always remained a softening and a healing influence in his dealing with his fellow-men; it neither weakened the exuberance of his sympathy nor marred his steadiness of judgment.

Though the representative American even of this generation has shifted from the type of Lincoln, he stands, and long will stand, as the most effective personality which democracy has yet produced, testifying in his own manhood, as in his own words at Gettysberg, to the meaning of the American Commonwealth, the resolve 'that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.' The restoration of such government is surely the great duty which the American people of to-day owes to itself, to the world, and to Abraham Lincoln, as his rightful monument.

'THE AUTOCRAT'

No broad, majestic river, bearing on its bosom the freight of a continent, feeding fat provinces with its overflow, now narrowing into a tumultuous torrent that carves deep, mysterious gulches as it rushes on from cataract to cataract, but a brisk-trotting brook with clear-cut banks, flowing with many quick turns through pleasant flowery meadows, chattering over the bright pebbles as its course steepens, occasionally halting in some shady pool where we may look for fish, 'here and there a lusty trout, and here and there a grayling'! Some such image may serve to present the genius of the latest of the great company of 1809, Oliver Wendell Holmes. There are niggard critics who would deny genius to such a man. But, though the dapper little Bostonian, who passed a long, comfortable life in the provincial magnificence of Beacon Street, lacked

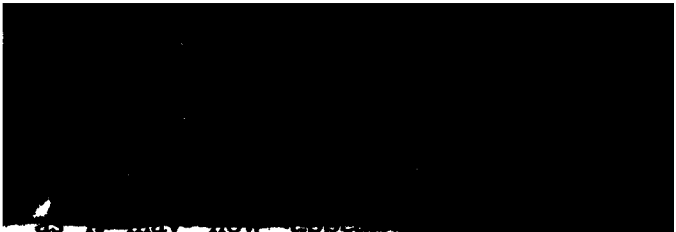
those dark, fierce, turbulent passions and imaginings which seem alone to count with those for whom self-abandonment is the supreme test, the saner and more balanced judgment of the ages will certainly rank his gifts as those of inspiration. Only those will boggle to whom the sanity of genius is a contradiction in terms. There is, indeed, no single quality of literary greatness in which he was not outshone even by some contemporary writer of his own country. The majestic serenity of Emerson's philosophy lay above his understanding, the poignant pathos, the occasional deep tragic note of Hawthorne struck deeper down into the mystery of human life than any of his half-scientific probings, Poe had a mastery of weird pathos to which he could not pretend, there was in Whittier a sterner moral passion, in Whitman a far more adventurous liberality of soul than his more guarded nature could attain. Even in that blend of humour and pathos which is the most characteristic note in modern American literature and life he was surpassed by the more free and forceful writing of Bret Harte.

It is easy to understand why this was so. In an age not only of moving, even revolu-

tionary thought, but of forceful energy in a score of fields of action, in the great work of the emancipation and the Civil War, in the feverish frontier life of the new West, with its miraculously growing cities and its goldfields, amid all the bustling riot of the new industry, the age of railroads, and of the monster business men who sway the destiny of America, the 'Autocrat' stood aside from action as an interested, sympathetic, intelligent observer. Thus, standing outside the main current of national activity, he never drank the full passion of the life of his time, as it was lived by a Lincoln, a Lloyd Garrison, or even a Lowell. He was not to blame for this. He did not 'set out' to be a 'public man,' a literary force, a mirror of the age, a fountain of inspiration. His early bent and training were scientific, the most adventurous period of his life was a sober couple of years in Paris, studying medicine; his longest and most regular occupation was that of Lecturer in Anatomy. He dropped into literature because no one could live in Boston and not discover any literary gift he had. His really profitable power he was slow to find, for until nearly the age of fifty he was only known as a brilliant

conversationalist, a successful writer of *vers de société*, and an acceptable lecturer in country lyceums. Not until the *Atlantic Monthly* started under the editorship of his friend and fellow-townsman, Lowell, did his genial fancy discover its proper mode of expression. The *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* leapt, indeed, to quick and easy fame, for its qualities of wit and wisdom, its discursiveness, its richness of illustration, were sure recommendations to his countrymen. Indeed, the very defects which riper reflection finds, a certain overnimbleness of mind, abrupt descents into the vulgarest art of punning, an occasional crooning sentimentality, helped to win high favour for the Autocrat. Probably they have carried a too heavy cost of depreciation in the judgment of our generation, at any rate in 'cultured' circles. A later literary settlement will, however, restore Holmes to a distinguished place among nineteenth century writers, and mainly upon the merits of this single volume. For, though his work makes no powerful impact on the reader, for loftiness, or profundity of thought, or for intensity of passion, it is inspired by a glowing and penetrating common-sense which

[redacted] middle-class,' who form, in fact, the bulk of the American people. He was not a great thinker, but he had the valuable faculty of stating 'common truths in an uncommon manner.' His treatment of the three Johns and the three Thomases who take part in every dialogue between John and Thomas is, perhaps, the best quoted instance of the happy method of informal psychology before this study assumed the status of a science, and began to bristle with terminology. His bright, compact, and witty judgments were particularly useful as an offset to the wild vagaries, religious, philo sophical, and moral, which followed the crumbling of the harder Calvinism that hitherto had ruled the minds and conduct of New England. Among the intellectual



liberative ferment in thousands of New England villages. In these nests of ancient prejudice such sharp sayings as the following shocked and stung, 'You never need think you can turn over any old falsehood without a terrible squirming and scattering of the horrid little population that dwells under it.'

Though he had a pleasant knack of writing verses, with other literary graces, Dr Holmes was not distinctively a literary man. He belonged rather to the line of general thinkers, in which Benjamin Franklin was his most eminent precursor, bringing a shrewd humour, keen interest in practical affairs, a scientific bent, and a sunny temper to bear upon his criticism of life. America has been prolific in such witty preachers, whose sermons, essays, or philosophy have been

devoted to enlarging and realising for their people the great liberal sentiment of Sir Thomas Browne, 'Every man truly lives, so long as he acts his nature, or some way makes good the faculties of him.' To the discovery of this 'nature' Dr Holmes cannot, indeed, claim to have made any contribution of conspicuous mark. But on one matter of our attitude towards life he may, we think, be held to have exercised a special influence. His physiological training led him to think more closely than his contemporaries upon certain problems of human character, which the collapse of Puritan theology had left once more open to speculation. The new scientific treatment of character, with its clearer recognition of the causal interaction of body and mind, reset the whole question of human responsibility.

The theme fascinated Dr Holmes, and served him as a central topic for his more ambitious works of fiction. The curious romance of *Elsie Venner* is, indeed, truly described as 'a physiological conception fertilised by a theological idea,' and in the far abler story, *The Guardian Angel*, substantially the same problem of heredity is treated. Other great American romancers,

Hawthorne and Poe, were drawn to the same borderland of science, but more as artists than as thinkers. Now, though Holmes was far from indifferent to literary form and feeling, he remained *au fond* a moralist, or, one might say, perhaps with more propriety, a humanist. And the particular task of humanism to which he set himself was to re-state the mystery of life which Puritan theology had expressed in the term 'sin,' and in the emotions they had brought to bear upon this conception. We find in a letter of Oliver Wendell Holmes a single sentence which sheds a flood of light upon his philosophy of life. Writing to an orthodox friend, he says: 'To you I suppose sin is the mystery—to me suffering is. I trust Love will prove the solution of both.'

The great variety of light decoration with which Holmes dressed his thought, the constant flicker of a wit, now hilarious, now satirical, now merely ludicrous, has caused him to be taken in the world of thought for lighter weight than he was. For solid wisdom in the conduct of life among all sorts and conditions of men, we know few encheiridia to compare with the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.*

A CRITIC OF AMERICA

AMERICA stands an unceasing and growing challenge to foreign interpreters. Her own spokesmen rather exhibit than explain, for their light-hearted optimism and big sense of destiny are two of the national characteristics which most need interpretation. The difficulty of the quest continually increases, and with it the fascination. The earliest philosophic study, that of De Tocqueville, set forth a life which, though novel and full of vigour, was tolerably simple in its outlines and both slow and regular in its movements. The destiny of Western democracy stands out in his monumental work as a scroll upon which are inscribed a few large, plain political and social problems waiting solution. Even a generation later such acute students of manners as Charles Dickens and Trollope, though offering glimpses of a rich variety of American traits, contribute nothing more to

the interpretation of America than caricature. Not until the close of the Civil War did the America of our challenge exist, for not till then did 'the will to grow' express itself in the tumultuous opening of the West, the savage fierceness of industrial development in the older East, and the rapid suckage of humanity from all ends of the earth into 'the great ethnic stew.'

This 'will to grow' exhibits itself as an immensely powerful human dynamo transmitting energy for turning out great numbers of new, unfinished types of mechanical products, including cities, universities, religions, governments, clubs, social customs, scientific theories, manufacturing inventions, and the like. This tendency to set the essentially human problem in terms of mechanical analogy is natural to all descriptive students of America, and is itself significant of much. It does not, however, carry us very far, for the mechanical metaphor involves so copious an allowance for 'accidents' as to threaten leaving us in a mere world of chance. It is on the whole safer, with Mr Henry James and Mr H. G. Wells, to regard this 'will to grow' as a distinctively psychic force of a very mixed and highly stimulated

humanity seeking to find a new material and spiritual home in the large free West. We name together the writers of the two latest serious treatises upon America chiefly to illustrate the baffling nature of the task to which they set themselves. Mr Wells, by that fine combination of science and sensitiveness needed for really skilled impressionism, gives us in firm outlines clear images of the larger concrete facts and forces which dominate the external life of the Eastern States, and of the critical issues to which their contrariety and entanglements give rise. In his distinctively scientific survey the immigrant in Ellis' Island, the New York sky-scraper, the great industrial trust, the Oneida community, the municipal boss, the ten-cent magazine, the personality of Mr Roosevelt or of Mr Booker Washington, stand out as well-defined factors in a select group of dominant and separate problems which contain in embryo 'the future of America.' Everything is admirably lucid and convincing; even the mysteries he leaves are clear-cut chasms.

Turn to another work, *The American Scene* of Mr Henry James, and your understanding is put to confusion. Not that

the impressions of Mr Wells are contradicted, but they are undermined in detail. The 'restless analyst,' a voluntary exile for a whole generation, carries back to his native land a highly refined and super-Anglicised mind, which he turns loose among once familiar surroundings. The same crude facts stand out before him as before Mr Wells, and contrast with old memories gives them a more biting significance, which his extraordinary gift of phrasing enables him to set out with a force which is often overwhelming. Most Americans who have patience to follow the windings of his psychological method will resent bitterly his ruthless onslaughts upon the main aspects of their current civilisation, material, intellectual, and spiritual, for that is what they will consider his book 'amounts to.' For the amazing intricacies of a style unmatched in English literature hardly conceal the conclusion that the typical products of American life in matter and in manners offend and even shock his sensibilities. Though he refines grieviously upon the nature of his feelings subjected to these shocks, the substance of his plaint is not new. In fact it is the lack of 'distinction' upon which Matthew Arnold laid stress, the shallow-

rootedness of a country without a feudal past. Mr James pines for the romantic note; he cannot find it either in the present or the past; he does not look to the future, where it really lies. In point of fact, Mr James, leaving the calm leisure of English Rye with its soft, gliding beauties of marsh and sea, its mediæval streets and subtleties of social degree, and plunging into the 'importunate newness' of the great business cities of America, is stunned by the 'bellow and bang,' and dazzled by the sharpness of line and colour which strike his ears and eyes. But the poignant irritation of the material spectacle is far surpassed by the impressions of the bearing and manners of the dwellers in these scenes. The qualities which stand out strongest against the contrast of cultured Europe, the immaturity, flaunting publicity, indiscriminateness, power of property, dominion of the present, converting the life of the successful Americans into a variegated orgy of tasteless magnificence, and heroicised in the hotel spirit of the Waldorf-Astoria, are taken by Mr James as representative traits.

These 'clues,' especially the swarming instinct and the distaste for privacy, he pursues with remorseless assiduity into their

inmost lairs, and exhibits with a minute opulence of illustration that even approaches malignity. Even the imposing and genuinely splendid public library of Boston he taunts with possessing 'no penetralia'; the finest private mansions stand unwalled to the public gaze, the very cities have no 'suburbs' to soften the contrast with raw country, county and State boundaries are carved in rectangles. The same fundamentally æsthetic criticism he applies to the American character; indeed, how can character fail to conform to so consistent an environment? Everywhere we find sharpness of custom, strong lights, abrupt distinctions, no mystery. American civilisation is set before us as a huge improvisation, the flood of new-comers are rapidly converted into ordinary American 'hustlers' with extinct sensibilities, while the 'frustrated American' of the more refined order leaves the field of competition and settles in Europe. Perhaps the hardest thing which Mr Henry James thinks he says of his country is the comment he makes upon a little head of Aphrodite, which he finds in the Boston Art Museum. 'I should say to him that he has not *seen* a fine Greek thing till he has seen it in America.'

We said that Mr James undermines the

clear impressions left in the reader by Mr Wells. By this we mean that the brilliant and entertaining psychological meanderings of Mr James, though yielding unexpected glimpses of minor truths at every turn, lead nowhere. They do not really help to the interpretation of America, for when we have followed his most promising clues they lose themselves in the psychology of the author's own feelings. Mr Wells succeeds far better in helping us to understand America for two reasons: first because he is a sociologist and not a psychologist, and secondly because he is not afraid of the obvious. The mass-mind, the movement of the multitude, as Mr Bryce has pointed out, is the dominant force in American life; nothing but a sympathetic study of these workings of the common life, the study of democracy, enables anyone to enter the real romance of America. It needs a robust vitality with no squeamish nerves, some sensuous enjoyment of mass and number, a delight in the very vastness of the great plains, a love of the fierce energy of hard achievement in the pace of city-making, and in the pulsation of machinery turning out huge quantities of coarse, useful goods for ordinary men and women, an admiration of

the brute forces of mind and body that play through the massive, unshapely framework of American politics and business—the real objective life of America—this strong, genuine sympathy with the very things that jar most upon the nerves of Mr James and offend his nicer culture is essential to the true interpretation of America. Whitman still remains her best interpreter, though the swift changes of the common life and its new ingredients demand new prophets. Mr Wells succeeds precisely in as far as he has realised that considerations of quantity still rightly dominate America, and that it is too early to seek fine qualitative differentiation in the pulsing vigour of her national life.

One other point remains. The centre of gravity in America lies no longer in the Eastern States. Napoleon's prediction, when he sold the great estate of Louisiana, has already come true; the population of the Mississippi Valley are the types of what is best and strongest in modern America. Even now the student of American civilisation will find his richest and most indicative material in these middle States, and interpretations which ignore them necessarily confuse with broken lights.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN

THE American woman is often represented as playing in the European marriage-market the same triumphant and devouring *rôle* which the Hebrew man plays in the money-market. Indeed, the dramatisation of the feelings of the aristocratic English matron with marriageable daughters towards the forward policy of Transatlantic conquerors has become a hackneyed topic of modern comedy. This, however, is a small and incidental aspect of the far more interesting theme, the place and influence of the American woman in her own country. Upon few social 'phenomena' do we find a larger chorus of enthusiastic agreement; nowhere is there exhibited a more general failure to realise the underlying facts of the situation. That women play a more commanding part in American society is obvious to the casual visitor; both in the home and in each wider

social circle she not merely reigns but rules; and the males of her kind appear as admiring, submissive, and rather unworthy subjects. European visitors use language which suggests that the women are a distinct and a superior human species to the men, superior not only in grace and physical attractiveness, but in character, intelligence, and individuality; and the complacency with which the American man will accept and endorse this testimony to his inferiority is accepted as quite conclusive confirmation of his judgment. When so keen and so experienced an observer as Mr Henry James chronicles 'the abdication of man,' and the completeness of 'this failure of the sexes to keep pace socially,' further questioning of fact may seem unnecessary. America has produced its sort of man, a creature of business and politics; but as a man, he is pronounced a failure; the woman alone is a conspicuous success. Yet, 'male and female created He them.' The natural history aspect of this uni-sexual evolution ought at least to stir some curiosity, perhaps to evoke some inquiry into the standard of 'success' that is applied.

Such inquiry, pushed from the field of biology into the adjoining sociology would,

we more than conjecture, upset the whole fabric of illusory estimates supporting this valuation of the sexes in America. What strikes the sometimes envious English woman as the most extraordinary achievement of her American sister, the fact that she appears to have retained all the prerogatives of the age of chivalry, while absorbing all the larger practical liberties so completely that she can afford to ignore 'political rights,' is not difficult of explication to one who looks to the foundations of American society. In the pioneer life of a new world, woman necessarily attains a large measure of independence, both of status and of character, together with some special consideration due to her scarcity. When this primitive condition has given place to the life of the modern industrial city, with the swift emergence of a new rich class, the women of this class have not had time to lose all the transmitted energy and personal efficiency of the earlier womanhood, and adapt to the new circumstances of a leisured life some of the traditional independence. This makes them peculiarly fitted for performing the great economic function of the woman in a triumphant plutocracy, such as has arisen in America. As the ablest analyst of

American society, Professor Veblen, has pointed out, the first need of the industrial male conqueror is to display his financial power through ostentatious waste and conspicuous leisure. Since natural inclination and habit preclude the successful trust-maker, railroad man, or Wall Street speculator from performing these rites in his own person, his wife and daughters become the apt instruments of the vicarious expenditure of time and money that attest his economic prowess. Hence he remains a business man; they become society ladies, carrying into this career the energy, confidence, and resourcefulness of the backwoodsman's granddaughters.

The chief misjudgment of the situation by the European speculator consists in imputing to the American woman a quite unrealised domination. Male ascendency is as real and at least as strong in America as in any European country short of Turkey; the social sway of the woman is due to the different valuation of 'society' by the American man from that in European countries. What Mr James and other critics affirm, that the American man is business man, politician, clubman, but leaves society with its graces

and its culture largely to his wife and daughters, is quite true. But what apparently they fail to recognise is the characteristic mental attitude of the male American towards this social life. His extravagant wife and daughters, with their receptions, diamonds, trips to Europe, sprightly talk on books and art, are to them primarily a big entertainment, an expensive and elaborate 'show,' which they can afford to keep up, and like to pay for. The average successful male American would no more think of competing with his wife in the display of these social arts and graces, than the average Londoner who visits Maskelyne and Devant's would think of vying with the mystery men who perform there. Society in America is woman's sphere; a stimulating atmosphere, and an absence of rigorous traditions make it afford scope for cultivating those minor arts of contrivance in which women everywhere perhaps excel.

But the notion that woman's superiority in these arts implies either the 'abdication' or inferior success of the American man rests on a total misunderstanding of the male attitude. These are not the serious male pursuits for any order of American man; but his real

control over the social order is not less deeply rooted, because his somewhat extravagant good humour and liking for a 'show-home' lead him to stick to the business of producing, and hand over the consuming functions more completely to the woman than is the case in European plutocracies. The American *nouveau riche* has no remnants of revivals of feudal state wherewith to make display of ostentatious waste; even great retinues of lackeys and splendid equipages are not quite orthodox. Everything in the recent circumstances of America's life tends to make of the woman, her social activities, her ways of going on, the single relief element for the strenuous life of the pioneer turned 'hustler.'

Of course, nothing is really so simple as this sounds. There are other factors affecting directly the sex relation. Some cause, possibly climatic, has certainly reduced the intensity of sex emotion. This is, of course, a suggestion incapable of proof. But few who have studied closely the conventional bearing of American men and women towards one another will doubt it. The very freedom of association between young men and women attests it, possibly induces or assists it. It would, perhaps, be too much to say that sex

emotion has faded into cooler sentimental interest; but the change is something of this nature. The conventional simper of admiration in the man, the free glance and firm tone of confident self-possession in the woman, attest it. Much vivacity on the surface, coldness below. Read that most polished example of the American society novel, *The House of Mirth*. What do we find? The whole run of circumstances in the plot is that of a romance of passion; the author evidently thinks she is telling such a tale. But no spark of passion is kindled, though the combustibles are heaped up with almost reckless extravagance of art. Nor is this a solitary witness. So far as fiction holds the mirror to American nature, it exhibits a quite significant paucity of sex emotion in its more spontaneous and mastering flow. If this is well founded, it goes some way to explain not only the facile relation of the sexes, even in the most conventionalised American society, but the skill of the women in the arts and crafts of social intercourse. For strong sex emotion is apt to cloud the wits, and confuse the conquering arts of woman; weakened or controlled, it gives piquancy and zest to intercourse. Possibly the conquering

American woman owes much of her triumph in the circles where self-possession counts for so much, to this touch of inner chill.

That she owes anything to her intellectual superiority over the male of her kind cannot be conceded. For no such superiority exists. She reads more and talks more, because that belongs to her decorative function. The thought of America owes little to her. Though she has long enjoyed ampler opportunities of education than the other sex, her contribution towards serious literature, art, or science is small, almost negligible. Almost all the best brain-work in America, even in the fields where women are most occupied, is done by men. Nor are women the best talkers, though the business man's wife gleans from her books and women's clubs a larger assortment of ideas, which she handles with more skill and freedom than is common in an English drawing-room. This sprightly talk seldom rises above the patter of the social stage, and the custom which always 'gives the word' to the woman usually acts as a preventive of real conversation. Most inquiring English visitors are sadly familiar with the experience of companies where some man of intellect and judgment worth listening

to is kept in silence by the chatter of his commonplace wife and daughter, who deem it their *rôle* to entertain the guest. Woman in a word is the 'show' in successful America, somewhat overdone and too exacting to the eyes of a European audience, but clever and very creditable to the management.

It is probable that the real net influence of woman in America may be greater than elsewhere, but that is not the influence of the American woman of the wealthy classes The strength of American womanhood lies in the better habits of comradeship and domestic equality among the great hardworking settled masses of American citizens in the farms and villages and smaller cities, where the steady pressure and the sober earnestness of daily life do not lend themselves to feminine excesses.

THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN HUMOUR

We recollect to have seen propounded in some essay upon American life the paradox that Americans were fond of jests and 'good stories' because their natural temper was so serious, and the conditions of their life so strenuous and uninteresting, as to drive them to seek violent forms of relief not needed by people who could take life more easily. To those unacquainted with America some semblance of support is given to this view by consideration of the types of wit and humour which in literature have come to be regarded as typical American products. Our paradoxist can truthfully maintain that America has produced no great masterpiece of world-humour. No Cervantes or Swift or Molière or Fielding has exposed the fundamental ironies of life, the mingled

greatnesses and littlenesses of the divine animal who has played such curious tricks with himself and his 'environment.' Nor can it be said that America has ever become so far a settled single nationality as to admit a humorous representation of her national characteristics so full as that which such writers as Lamb, Dickens, Thackeray, Meredith, in their several ways, gave of nineteenth century England. Yet, making allowance for such obvious truths, it is undeniable that the abundance of witty and humorous writers who have made a mark in the lighter criticism of life is the most distinctive characteristic of the American literature of the last two generations. Excluding the highest, the range and variety of treatment has been very wide, from the curt, extravagant word-play of an 'Artemus Ward,' or the sagacious fooling of a 'Josh Billings,' to the serious satire of 'Hosea Biglow,' the artful grace and brilliancy of Oliver Wendell Holmes and Washington Irving, and the richer humanity of the writers of *The Luck of Roaring Camp* and *Old Creole Days.*

Among such writers, Mr Clemens, the rumour of whose death, unhappily, is not this

time 'exaggerated,' holds a middle place, and may therefore, in a sense, stand as the typical American humorist. In his more serious jest-books, *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn*, where boyish adventures are set in the familiar wonderland of the great Mississippi shores, 'Mark Twain' attains a sort of greatness from the force and freshness of the knowledge of human nature he displays. In *Innocents Abroad*, and his other books of 'travel,' the jokes themselves will sometimes crack and yield a recoil of unintended folly; the atmosphere of feigned solemnity and incessant gibing is apt to pall, and, though there are multitudes of really bright and sometimes wise sayings, even the slight permanence of modern print appears too heavy for their utterance. Here we seem to touch the inner truth about this American humour. Quiet or effervescent, quick-firing or meandering, it belongs properly to talk, and not to written speech. Spontaneity and the play of present personality are of its essence. It is good for this trip only; or, at best, for casual repetition: the printed page soon stales it and turns it sour. Most of the light American 'humour' evidently suffers from this test, and, taken seriously as

a 'typical product' of American literature, has brought the latter into disrepute. Take, for example, that audacity of mere exaggeration which figures so frequently. Even Lowell can speak of a negro 'so black that charcoal makes a chalk mark upon him.' Another wit tells of 'a tree so tall that it took two men and a boy to see the top of it.' In the give-and-take of a merry conversation, such sayings are good enough; they may even pass by word of mouth into the stock of current jests, but they will not stand the printer's ink.

The innumerable little tales which depend upon an unexpected finish fall in the same category. When Artemus Ward, in his anecdotes of the conscription, informs us that 'one young man, who was draw'd, claimed to be exemp', because he was the only son of a widowed mother, who supported him,' the solemn attestation of the living voice is needed to carry conviction. So it was with 'Mark Twain.' His impassive countenance, and his slow drawl of utterance, gave a rich vitality to those very sayings which sound most vapid in his printed works. For a certain freedom and audacity, the habit of verbal embroidery, belong to the

ordinary workaday life of America. There is, indeed, a baneful habit of collecting and exchanging 'good stories,' which has degraded political oratory from the high level it once held, and has so far invaded the pulpit that the ordinary Sunday dinner is apt to be seasoned by 'the good story parson told this morning.' Our paradoxist, who denied humour to America, cited this artificial habit of 'canning stories' as proof that no free fresh fund of humour was available. But no one who knows enough of American life to compare it fairly with our own can fail to accord to Americans as a people a far keener, more spontaneous, and more general appreciation, not merely of the vulgarly comical, but of the humorous-pathetic elements in life. It is not, perhaps, easy to account for this quality. We are, however, disposed to trace it partly to the superior vitality of a well-fed, prospering, and sanguine race, moving freely over a large continent, a people still retaining some of the pioneer attributes, accustomed to deal readily with many novelties of situation, and gathering a rich experience of life. Curious and social to a high degree, the ordinary American, even when narrowly confined in his avocation, gets more knowledge

of the life around him, and takes more interest in his fellows, than the ordinary Englishman, and he is far more communicative and more emotional. His reflections and his emotions may be, usually are, very superficial, but they imply, for all that, a considerably more complex conscious life than is to be found anywhere in Europe. This, at anyrate, is true of the townsman. He is, therefore, at once more serious and more frivolous. He has more material to stir his feelings, and more emotions to give out. Life still remains for him more of an adventure than for the staider Englishman; he combines a quicker observation with acuter, though not deep, reflection, and a persistent buoyancy of spirit.

All these characteristics evidently help to make him something of a humorist. There is a certain cunning of a conquering race in the optimism of America. It has what biologists will call a 'survival value.' A party of Americans hung up by the prolonged stoppage of a train do not chafe and fume like true-born Britons, but are easily diverted by some passing eccentricity of incident, laughing even at the awkwardness of their predicament. So it is with most mishaps,

personal or general; there is a natural disposition to seek alleviation by finding some quaint aspect. Though the cultivated American with his stock of good tales is often tedious, it is idle to deny that the ordinary conversation of the man in the street is far richer in little turns of genuine humour than is the case with us. The zest for comedy, indeed, often becomes a dangerous obsession, it helps to secure toleration or immunity for all sorts of malpractices in politics or business. Only a few years ago a New York chief of police was able to continue a long career of corruption and inefficiency because of certain picturesque characteristics which, by making him a target for popular witticism, screened him from the anger which would have demanded his dismissal. No people 'bear up so well' against personal losses or public perils, and the light-hearted way in which the United States can plunge into a Spanish war or a new world-policy is a serious menace to its safety and the stability of its policy.

Yet along with this light-heartedness there is a certain rectifying quality of sanity, a bedrock of instinctive wisdom. That these qualities should go together ought not to be

surprising. Nor is it to an American. In this country it has always been uncommonly difficult for us to associate wit even with the possibility of wisdom. To this fact the modern connotation of the word 'wit' itself is ample testimony. Though many of our greatest 'wits' have been among our sagest counsellors, the reputation of a 'wit' has nearly always proved fatal to any claims for serious consideration. Persistent and obtrusive dulness is recognised as almost an essential to success in English public life. We like jesters to amuse us, but we always distrust them in what we please to call 'the practical affairs of life.' It is different in America. The author of successful comic verses is as likely as any other prominent citizen to be sent to London to represent his country. A great corporation lawyer gains and does not lose influence in business circles because he is known as a sparkling after-dinner speaker, and the reputation of being a successful *raconteur* in the pulpit or on the bench may often go far to determine the appointment to a vacant judgeship or bishopric. And this, perhaps, is as it should be. Certainly the witty writers of America have been among its best and discreetest

citizens. Some of them, like Mr Lowell and Mr Hay, have attained well-merited reputation as statesmen. None of them, as would be the case here, is disqualified from exercising a serious influence upon his countrymen in matters of grave moment because of a presumption that wit and wisdom grow apart. One of the most searching moral indictments of the perils of the aggressive Imperialism, to which ill-advisers were striving to commit America ten years ago, fell from the pen of the writer of *The Jumping Frog*. Such men as Mr W. D. Howells, 'Mr Dooley' and 'Mark Twain' rank among the best and most earnest political and moral teachers in their country, where jest and earnest are not kept in watertight compartments.

IS AMERICA HEADING FOR ARISTOCRACY?

VISITORS in the United States are always struck by the unusual attention paid to titles and badges of personal or professional distinction, an apparently instinctive craving for variety of social status. The expansive use of 'Colonel' in the period following the Civil War has always been a subject of humorous comment, but 'Doctor,' 'Professor,' and 'Judge' have undergone a similarly liberal treatment, while the prefix 'Honourable' once reserved for Senators and a few other high officers of State, is freely bestowed by common usage upon any elderly citizen of local distinction. In the main this seems to signify the beginning of an emergence of a governing and authoritative class out of the theoretically dead level of democracy. It is, however, only one of

a number of significant changes which are leading not a few social students to put the serious question: 'Is America heading towards aristocracy?' Though democracy has always been and still remains a very genuine sentiment in the hearts of the people, in the sense of a belief in giving every man his opportunity, in assessing men upon their personal merits and achievements, and in resenting visible claims of social superiority, it cannot be denied that powerful forces are at work tending to sap the roots of this sentiment, and to transform the social structure which it fed. The attempts made in the older centres of wealth and culture to build up an aristocracy of 'blood' by associations of 'Colonial Dames,' 'Sons' and 'Daughters of the Revolution,' and the like, have always been received with good-humoured contempt by the 'plain American,' and though a small group of 'historic families,' such as the Whitneys, Adamses, Quincys, Cabots in Boston, the 'Knickerbocker' families in New York, and similar cliques in Philadelphia and Baltimore, still retain, through traditional character or inherited property, some pretensions to social exclusiveness, they play a very small part in

the actual process of social stratification that is taking place. Even more complete has been the disappearance of the power and prestige of the 'First Families of Virginia' and the 'great planter' oligarchy of South Carolina. Nor can very much be made of the wider assertion of an aristocracy of birth implied in the amazing interest in heraldry and ancestor-hunting among Americans of British descent, and the periodic clan-gatherings and family reunions which serve to feed such aspirations. The libraries of family records which have of late sprung up in the towns of New England, the pages of genealogies which sober newspapers, such as the *Boston Transcript*, find it pay to publish, rather belong to the decorative side of the aristocratic movement than indicate its driving energy.

When we turn to politics, however, we find strong feeders of the new tendency in a reaction against the looser modes of working a democracy evoked by the recent situation. The magnitude of the interests involved in the more complex government of a modern state, and in particular of the swift-grown cities, have driven Americans to entrust more power to individual elected

persons, governors, mayors, or heads of departments, so as to concentrate and fix responsibility, while the same needs are driving fast to the establishment of a permanent expert civil service. The recent large increase of the professional army, with its schools and colleges for the training of officers, and the big navy which is building, furnish another public service likely to figure largely in the formation of class distinctions. Though the interest in education is far too general throughout the States, and the spread of ordinary knowledge too wide, to afford any clear basis of class cleavage between an educated and an ignorant public, inside the teaching class in America, as elsewhere, academic learning tends to a certain social exclusiveness in the more authoritative centres, while among well-to-do Americans of older stock, the pursuit of the refinements of culture makes for fastidiousness and aloofness, and will more and more confine its possessors to certain professions and intellectual occupations. But though the evolution of American wealth has gone so far as to furnish a small 'leisure' class of persons living upon inherited means, tradition, the energy of personal character and

fluctuating fortune have conspired to prevent the strong formation of a rent-and-dividend-receiving aristocracy, such as we see in England and France built on the ruins of the old feudal order. The main stream of the tendency we are exploring is of course found in the growing concentration of industrial and financial power in the grasp of groups of strong-brained, masterly, imaginative, business men, who, after an epoch of ferocious strife in the markets, the railroad world, and Wall Street, are leaning towards methods of industrial peace by a combination or fusion of their vast interests, which shall secure for them control over the property of America and the lives of Americans greater than any aristocracy possesses in any other modern civilised nation. Though it may not be possible to verify such statements as this, that 'one-twelfth of the estimated wealth of the United States is represented at the meeting of the Board of Directors of the United States Steel Corporation,' or the speculative estimate to which the Hon. Carroll D. Wright not long ago committed himself, that about 3,500 millionaires hold half the wealth of America, those best acquainted with the pace of the

concentrative process would be least inclined to dispute their accuracy.

Hitherto, the ups and downs of wealth have been so rapid and uncontrollable that no solidification of financial and of social power has been practicable. But if it were to any great extent true that the competitive system has worked itself out in the higher reaches of the American business world, a consolidation of stable industrial power in the hands of a class of able business families may well follow, which will exercise immensely important influence on the politics and the social life of America. A class life may be formed upon the secure possession of great wealth, gathering to itself the legislative and official classes and the public 'forces' that maintain order and conserve the interests of property, the professional and educated classes, and a certain hierarchy of salaried managers and overseers of industry, such as exists to-day in the Standard Oil Company or the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Though the supreme direction of business and of politics would remain in the hands of a small class or group, not perhaps likely to become hereditary in its *personnel* but recruited by some sort of natural selection from a

larger group of wealthy men, the term aristocracy and something of its dignity might be applicable to the occupants of these higher ranks, who would have their status, occupation, and comfortable standard of life secured by this new anchorage.

Material well-being, culture, travel, leisure would in large degree pervade this oligarchy. Below them would lie the great masses of 'workers,' engaged in manual labour or routine mental processes, doing all the hard, heavy, monotonous, dangerous toil which forms the foundation of modern civilisation. These masses, though endowed with formal rights of citizenship, would have as little real power of choosing a government or imposing a policy as of determining the wages and other conditions of their labour. Though this is only one among several competing 'futures' for America, it is not wildly improbable. Indeed, it is partly realised and the prime condition for further realisation is designated in a valuable monograph on immigration just written by one of the ablest of the younger American economists. (*Races and Immigrants in America.* By John R. Commons.) For the social and industrial stratification of America

proceeds largely along race lines, the governing, authoritative, and possessing classes consist of the older stock of British, Dutch, and German descent, with the descendants of later drafts from the same sources, while nearly all the unskilled and most of the skilled labour in the productive and commercial arts is done by new immigrants from various European countries, and their children, by negroes, and, along the Pacific Coast, by Chinamen and Japanese. Scarcely any hard manual work is done by the older stock except in farming, and even there Scandinavians and Germans are rapidly displacing the old stamp of American farmer. As city life gains upon rural, the character of immigration has changed, substituting for the Briton, Teuton, and Celt, who, even a generation ago, formed the great majority of immigrants, a swelling flood of ignorant peasants from the south and east of Europe. From Italy, Austro-Hungary, and Russia they flow in ever increasing numbers, these three countries furnishing nearly three-quarters of the total immigration in the last few years. Political, religious, racial, or economic oppression drives them into the eager, enticing hands

of the shipping agents and labour recruits who everywhere are engaged in stimulating the stream which feeds America with raw, cheap, submissive labour. A million and a quarter arrived last year (1906), with a perpetually increasing proportion of the ruder, less developed races, unable to protect themselves by effective combination, and untrained in political self-government. No less than three-fifths of the entire population of the thirty-three large cities of America consist of foreigners or their children, and the industrial progress of the country appears to depend upon the constancy and amplitude of this supply. The strain of this mass of less assimilable aliens upon the machinery of government, education and sanitation, has been a constant peril to the institutions of the country, but its continuance is shown by Professor Commons to be essential to the industrial oligarchy. For settled American citizens, of the second or third generation, whatever their origin, breathing the democratic atmosphere of the new world, grow restive and unmanageable in servitude. The more intelligent workers in America are just beginning to realise this inner meaning of the immigration question, which is likely to

assume an even acuter stage when the right of entry shall be freely claimed for Japanese, Coreans, and Indian Coolies. As the second great struggle for freedom in America was fought upon the claim of Southern slave-breeders to extend 'the system' and stifle the development of the new West on free labour, it seems possible that the workers in America may be drawn into a third struggle against the permanent establishment of a new oligarchy of wealth upon this new proletariat of subject-races.

THE ROMANCE OF AMERICA

It is an old truth that while the caricature of strangers does not offend, that of friends and relations is apt to rankle. The reason is that it touches with ridicule points of personal dignity which lie sensitive beneath the surface. This is true of nations. The wild extravagance of 'John Bull' and 'Jean Bonhomme,' though doubtless helping to feed ignorant hatred or contempt for the foreigner, does not embitter feeling. But the relations between two nations of the same stock, language, and institutions, with memories of a violent severance to sharpen criticism, are far more seriously affected by what they think and say about one another. The process of cross-caricature which has been going on between England and the United States, from the time when Dickens crossed 'the pond' up to the present day, has been a constant source of soreness, especially on

the side of America. For while many of the offensive pictures in the American portrait of an Englishman, such as his unsociability, glumness, emotional torpor, and a certain brutality of tone and bearing, do not actually give us offence, indeed, are perhaps felt as complimentary, it is quite otherwise with the English portrait of a typical American. The notion of America as a raw land of eager, vulgar, unscrupulous 'hustlers,' hunting for dollars in order to expend them in ostentation, where politics is nothing but a corrupt scramble for office and for 'graft,' where literature rarely rises above low-grade journalism, where science is enslaved to mechanical invention, still rules the minds of the main body of our middle-classes.

Though every intelligent Englishman who has really acquainted himself with the country and its people by travel, conversation, or reading, is aware of the serious distortion of such a picture, its acceptance is supported by two curiously different sorts of testimony. The English 'tripper,' or casual visitor, is the least observant of men. The conditions of his travel impress upon his mind merely the crudest and most superficial images of a sort of life which is in no true sense the

life of America. The impulsive sympathy, which in French or German visitors would generate some measure of understanding, is too apt in him to give place to emphasis of those obvious differences in external life and manners that touch his national feeling and his personal prejudices. It is the very fact that Americans speak the English language and present so many familiar English characteristics that stirs in English visitors this zest for hypercriticism, which is directed towards Americans as quasi-Englishmen. Impressions thus got are often supported by the vivid talk of Americans, who, half-consciously, lay themselves out to stagger their English acquaintances by a dramatic rendering of the defects and diseases of their country. Hardly any American ought to be taken quite so seriously as most English readers take Mark Twain and Mr Dooley. It is not, however, profitable to discuss how far the falsification of America is attributable to English slowness or to American humour. The important thing is to realise the harm it does, and, if possible, to undo it. For in the future civilisation of the world, as far as we can forecast it, the true interests of England and America march together more

surely and more closely than those of any other nations.

This is the sentiment, a just and sane one as we conceive it, which animates the effort of Mr H. Perry Robinson to explain for English readers 'The Twentieth Century American.' We are not sure that Mr Robinson does not overstep his object in the zeal of his advocacy of a political alliance between the two great Anglo-Saxon nations. For it is doubtful whether, in the present trend of national ambitions and immediate interests, such an alliance would yield the fruits of universal peace. But we have nothing but praise for the skilful manner in which the author sets himself to forward a harmony of thought and feeling between England and America, by explaining and removing so many of the common elements of misunderstanding. One source of trouble, upon which he justly lays stress, is the notion, widely prevalent in this country, that the good-humored indifference, tempered by friendly recognition of distant relationship, which is the current British attitude towards the United States, is reciprocated by that country in its mental attitude towards us. Now this is not the case. In English history

the American 'rebellion' is merely a bygone incident, the War of 1812 a dim and trivial memory, the 'Alabama' affair, and our attitude in the Civil War, matters of no deep significance. But in American history these things bulk immense. More than half of the most dramatic portion of that history shows England the enemy, and though these memories do not, save in a section of Irish-Americans, leave active bitterness, they leave a sensitive background of national feeling. But not less important is it to realise how the quite recent development of American commercial and political ambitions affects their feelings towards this country. America is the *nouveau riche* on the most magnificent scale. The youngest of the great nations, she is eager to become world-reputable, and she is animated by the Anglo-Saxon notion of gentility expressed in the cultivation of the sporting spirit.

Shallow critics, like Matthew Arnold, dwelt upon the lack of 'distinction' in America, and found there only a dull level of mediocrity. There never has been a nation so possessed by a fury for individual and national distinction, so eager to make careers and to make history. Nor is this distinction com-

prised, as is often alleged, in 'making a pile. Mr Robinson, an educated Englishman with twenty years' residence in America, strongly supports the contention of Professor Münsterberg that commercial success and money-making in America are not expressions of low covetousness and materialistic instinct. They rather constitute an avenue of individual achievement, the realisation of personal distinction, which the environment from which America is now emerging has impressed for a couple of generations upon its life. 'The American,' wrote Münsterberg, 'works for money in exactly the sense that a great painter works for money; the high price which is paid for his picture is a very welcome indication of the general appreciation of his art, but he would never get this appreciation if he were working for the money instead of his artistic ideals. Economically to open up this gigantic country, to bring the fields and forests, rivers and mountains, into the service of economic progress, to incite the millions of inhabitants to have new needs and to satisfy these by their own resourcefulness, to increase the wealth of the nation, and, finally, economically to rule the world, and within the

nations to raise the economic power of the individual to undreamed-of importance, has been the work which has fascinated the American.'

The romance of America has lain of necessity in the plane of industrial development in the past. Nor is she likely to retire from business. But hitherto her own country has been large enough to absorb her energy and her romantic ambitions. This, however, could not last. Her immense fund of vital energy could not be contained within these limits, spacious though they were. Ninety millions of the most energetic, adventurous, sentimental, restless, and imaginative people the world has ever seen, have cast their individual and collective cravings for self-expression and power into dreams of a world-destiny, bolder and more eager for fulfilment than any which has occupied the minds of empire-makers in the past. Mr Roosevelt is rightly discerned as the epitome of this new spirit; America at once the great war-power and the supreme peace-maker, setting her own house in order upon a basis of humanity and justice, and imposing her autocratic order upon disturbed peoples throughout the American continents, a

democracy at home, an imperial power in the Pacific, America the majestic possessor and the magnificent bestower of a civilisation in which disinterested culture, commercial prosperity, enthusiasm for competitive sport, and peace secured by gigantic armaments, shall be welded into stable harmony—such is the vision. This America and her prophet are well-wishers of humanity, but they are not anxious to fuse America in any cosmopolitan union. They want to see America separate and first, first in wealth and trade, in education and in intellectual achievement; and, above all, first in the use of world-power, a sportsman, a soldier, and a gentleman among the nations of the earth.

In the realisation of this 'manifest destiny' the British Empire stands out as their great rival, a friendly rival perhaps—but still a rival. Mr Robinson does well to remind us that America is less friendly to this country than we are towards her, for the knowledge of the truth on such a matter is our best security. Few who know Americans as Mr Robinson knows them, not merely the cultivated cosmopolitan American of New York, Boston, or Washington, not the business classes of

the East, but the motley crowds throughout the vast Republic, will question the accuracy of his conviction that, 'if any pretext should arise, the minds of the masses of the American people could more easily be inflamed to the point of desiring war with England than they could to the point of desiring war with any other nation.' At once sensational, sensitive, and sentimental, this prairie-mind of the American democracy is a source both of peril and of hope. For the danger which exists at present is one which education and the growing co-operation of the two nations in a hundred pacific enterprises is peculiarly adapted to dispel. These amicable relations exist now in countless spheres of activity, commercial, scientific, humanitarian and educational. It is to the quiet growth of this practical and spiritual concert that we would look for the present scope of co-operation rather than to a formal political alliance, which might, if it fell under the dominion of certain forces, as a discerning American has said, become no better than 'an Anglo-Saxon alliance for the vulgarisation of the world.'

THE BOOM-CHILD

OTHER times, other types! Carlyle vented his bitterest sarcasm upon the placid fatalism of the doctrine that 'the times' could be depended on to call forth a 'great man' competent to its special needs. The hero was one who, by sheer sincerity of nature, penetrated deeper than others into the tangled scheme of life, struggling to find some deliverance for the material or spiritual bondage of his people, one who fought his way through many perplexities and adversities towards some great utterance of word or deed which should clear the path of thought and action for his fellow-men. The initiative lay with the man himself, in the brooding spirit, the agony of heart and intellect, which goes to the understanding and the undertaking of any great task of prophecy or achievement. To the man who thus, having got his vision, sets himself, with all his

steadiness of purpose and his passion of devotion, to realise it in the obdurate world of facts, there come many times of doubt and despondency. The faith of his people, even of his trusted friends, dwindles or is shaken; worse still, his own confidence fails or flags before the essential intricacy of some problem of conduct or the immediacy of some supreme choice. He learns by frequent frustrations the outer and inner limitations of his powers: the strong will and the confident purpose are subdued to a profound humility, which is nowhere better shown than in the quiet acceptance of a place below his merits and the adoption of many a course he knows to be the second-best.

Half a century ago the circumstances of America were such that a man of this nature and this purpose stepped out of the ranks and took the charge of public affairs during years of stress and storm. A man born and bred of the rude struggle with nature and with man on the frontier of civilisation, who wrested every scrap of knowledge and of faculty from the scanty lap of opportunity, who came into the public eye seared and scarred with many a wound and many a thwarting, impressed by the mystery, even

oppressed by the tragedy, of life, who never thrust himself forward, abhorred parade, thought much, but spoke little. For well had Abraham Lincoln learned that man's services to man are performed as much by silence as by speech, by strong self-repression as by bounding activity.

This was before the age of boom, when a profitably sycophantic Press offered facile heroism to every self-confident man whom circumstances had lifted to a certain level of popular prominence, and who had the wit and hardihood to 'grasp the skirts of happy chance.' There always exists in the general mind a craving for interesting and dramatic personality, and the modern Press, gathering and presenting every morning its catalogue of notable achievements in the world, largely lives by feeding this desire. To dub it sensationalism, and merely to denounce it, is an affectation of superior persons. Those who hold that human nature upon the whole is sane and sound, must recognise that the quick and universal fame thus secured is, on the whole, a furtherance to high achievement. For, making due allowance for errors, exaggeration, or falsehood, the wide immediate publicity gives help and stimulus to

good men and causes, and represses evil ones. If here and there the quack or charlatan, or the professional sensationmonger, gets his innings in the world of literature, or art or science, the very freedom of this Press (so long as it remains secure) furnishes a remedy. Iconoclasm is almost as sensational as idolatry.

But a more serious risk arises in the wider world of politics and general affairs. It is here that one encounters the true perils of doctored publicity. Here is the real breeding-ground of the Boom-child. You can test your quack medicine man; his prescriptions can be subjected to analysis, and the noxiousness or expensive innocence of his cure-all exposed. But it is different with your political quack. For, if he understands his *rôle*, he soon discards the character of specialist, and becomes a general practitioner, the possessor of a whole pharmacopœia of rotund principles, wrapped in specious paper-phrases and applicable to all the emergencies of public life. The journalist, as look-out man, spies, from time to time, the arrival of some such political Boom-child, raises him, and helps to fill him with the 'hot air' he emits in his career. Politicians, even statesmen, come to gather round him, and the

rising tide of fame begins to inflate him. He learns to leave behind him other potential or competing personalities, for sensational publicity makes strongly for concentration. He soon becomes 'the only possible man,' and begins to assume the air of a father of his country, and, when some great emergency appears, 'the savior.' It is not chiefly his fault that he is thus brought to the position of an all-wise philosopher and statesman, competent to perform the work of Homocea for the world, laying an unerring finger on the spot, and fortifying the wisdom of the ages with loose-spun moral platitudes. It is chiefly the fault of the modern agents of publicity, who, for the hard struggle which gave forth an Abraham Lincoln as the representative man, have substituted a boosting process which gives—a Theodore Roosevelt. Success is made too easy. 'Facilis ascensus Olympi' is a dangerous reversal. It were more than human, had a man of so much 'virility' failed to take advantage of the changed conditions of his age and country. A land of abounding material prosperity and stimulating atmosphere, sprouting with social and economic problems, full of energetic men, resourceful, accustomed to rapid pro-

cesses of improvisation, impatient of slow inductive reasoning, furnished with an abundant apparatus of intellectual culture, but no fixed intellectual habits or standards —here is the perfect nidus for generating the political 'bounder,' if we may adapt to our use a vulgar term, which, though not quite adequate, comes nearer than any other to express the product of this process. In prosperous circles of American life he is everywhere to be found—more 'educated' in externals than the Yankee whom Dickens and Mrs Trollope once satirised, but in essentials the same—a worshipper of strength, size, pace, and numbers—a national egoist of colossal convictions, prophet of 'God's own country' and the Anglo-Saxon race—competent, without study or reflection, to solve, by raw intelligence and will-power, the most delicate problems of finance, of morals, or of constitutional law—larding his exuberant oratory with scraps of learning picked out of the ninety-six-paged Sunday edition—a strict private moraliser with liberal allowances for business and politics, and ready to extend his shallow generalisations upon past or current local history to the most remote and recondite affairs of foreign lands, with no

shadow of doubt about their complete efficacy. Boom, Boost, Bound, Bounce—some subtle art of sound, truer than etymology, links these words to help in expressing the thing. Such is the type of man whom America—and must we add Europe?—delights to honor. We shall, no doubt, be told that this is an extravagant caricature, if it be applied to our latest Oxford Doctor of Laws. But Harvard, a busy life amid politics, books, sport, and war, even the influence of the best elements of American society, do little to temper or train the tough fibres of this natural man. There is, indeed, something that is good, perhaps even admirable, in such a type. It is the 'boom' which converts the solid, capable, confident American citizen into a dangerous bounder, sends him about the world as the great miracle-man, half Crusader, half preaching friar, bearing Peace in one hand, in the other War, with his copy-book of moralities, out of which he chalks up saving aphorisms for all classes, 'Prolific Motherhood for Women,' 'Honesty for Millionaires,' 'Self-help for the Workers,' 'Expansion with Firm Government,' 'No Sentimentality for Efficient Master Races,' and the like.

For such a man politics will ever remain

a simple art. It is only necessary to apply 'the rule of righteousness' 'which bids us treat each man on his worth as a man,' to insist upon our rights, to respect those of others, but always recognising that strong, superior nations may govern weak, inferior nations 'for their own good,' and may determine the validity of any 'rights' which these latter may claim. Never in the world's history has there been so humorous an instance of the success of self-confidence. Koepernick's was a trivial instance compared with this Arch-platitudinarian with his little lessons to the Courts and Universities of Europe upon 'the foolish sentimentality of stay-at-home people,' the perils of disarmament, and 'the craven fear of being great.' Has it ever occurred to Dr Roosevelt that the 'engaging frankness' which he professes may not be a wholly adequate equipment for enabling him to solve off-hand the riddles which the Sphinx set for the slow and hazardous solution of the wisest man of all the ages, in Egypt and elsewhere? We fear not. Such a thought might make him pause and hesitate, and spoil the accuracy of his intuitions in applying 'the rule of righteousness' and the other rules in his moral tool-box.

IV

THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE

THE CHURCH FOR THE PEOPLE

MUST the Church of England ever remain a stronghold of reaction instead of being a fountain of national inspiration? Must her creeds and her ritual be held so tightly in the grip of antique interpretation as to sterilise their powers of fruitful application to the needs of modern life? Must the thousand spires and towers which, scattered over the length and breadth of our land, form the single visible emblem of a higher and a better life for the people, mark no persistent serious endeavour to realise this better life on earth in juster laws and nobler social institutions? Though numbers of devoted clergymen lead busy, self-sacrificing lives, ministering to the personal needs of their parishioners, the Church, as such, plays no real part in the new formative life of the nation; where it does not obstruct it stands aside; its moral gospel is virtually

confined to endeavours, largely futile from the nature of the task, to raise the individual character in the *status quo.* About the main essential facts there can be no dispute: the Church fills an important place, though less important than a generation ago, in the life of the upper and the middle classes, influencing to some extent their private morality, and helping to form a tolerably tough fabric of conventional morality in which kindliness, class honour, loyalty, good form, charity in its narrow sense, blend harmoniously. But, though most of the controlling posts in the official and the business worlds are held by its members, no intelligible code of ethics applicable to these immense spheres of spiritual influence can claim to have behind it the authority of the Church: upon such grave humanitarian issues as are involved in our prison and criminal system, the treatment of paupers and the aged poor, the cruelties of sport, the barbarities of war itself, the Church gives no lead to the conscience of the nation. As a directing, inspiring influence in the life of the workers the Church scarcely counts, at any rate in those large industrial centres where three-quarters of them live: few of the men ever enter a church, and

parish organisation, touching a little closer the life of some of the women and children, does not seriously affect their conduct as workers, members of a family, or citizens.

From time to time during the last half century, shocked by the spiritual waste of this neglect, some large-spirited, wide-visioned parson has arisen and demanded that the Church shall be the people's, for the illumination, elevation, and spiritual nutrition of the common life, and that ecclesiastical government, dogmas, and rites shall be subjected to the needed process of restoration. This was the dream of the Christian Socialists of the fifties, of Kingsley and Maurice, later of Stanley; within the limits of his academic sympathies Jowett stood for this, and with a fuller appreciation of the social gospel, Arnold Toynbee. Finally, Ruskin's exposition of the true functions of Bishops and Priests in the body politic stirred the heart and the imagination of the growing little body of liberal churchmen.

Though the vision has flickered and seemed to fade away, it has never wholly died out. In our day no man has cherished it more clearly and expounded it more fearlessly than Mr Stewart Headlam, and

his little book, *The Socialists' Church*, may rank as its boldest assertion. Mr Headlam dreams of the workers of England pouring into the Churches which are theirs, demanding their full right, abolishing that Patronage which he justly holds not less infamous than Simony, electing their parish priests, trusty friends and lovers of the people, who shall expound those saving doctrines of human equality and brotherhood which underlie the Sacraments, and preach the living truth of the Atonement. In the mouth of such priests and such congregations the Magnificat will indeed become the battle-cry of social progress, the 'Marseillaise of Humanity,' and the Bible will be shown 'brimful of stuff which would catch their social conscience and inspire them with enthusiasm for national and municipal righteousness.' Here is this great instrument for the spiritualisation of the Labour and Socialist movements, with its inspiring appeal for democracy, the land for the people, economic and spiritual liberty for all men regardless of sex, race or colour. Why does not the people take its Church? Mr Headlam says it can.

But in what sense can it? The condition of the free Churches sheds light on his

claim. Have they performed the task which the established Church has neglected? Do they adequately preach and practise the brotherhood of man, the duty of peace, the contempt of riches, the cause of the poor? Do the great moral issues involved in the relations of capital and labour, internationalism, the education of our subject peoples, find any more satisfactory solution among them than in the Church of England? Let anyone who thinks they do read Mr Richard Heath's trenchant and eloquent plea entitled *The Captive City of God*, and then ask himself how it comes that the Christian Churches, almost without exception, have overlaid the gospel of social liberation. There are even times when we come to doubt the possibility of England ever becoming a Christian nation, so alien from the spirit, not merely of our normal practices, but of our actual operative ideals, does the spirit of the Hebrew Prophets and the Hebrew Gospels seem. Take as tests such typical spiritual documents as the Sermon on the Mount and the Magnificat. No one can say the Church shelves these: they stand in the forefront of her public professions. But are those professions real? If so, what do we mean by

reality? No honest reader of Tolstoy can seriously deny that this austere latter-day prophet truthfully interprets the plain meaning of Jesus. The fact is that loving enemies, despising riches, turning other cheeks to smiters, are not and never have been part of the true ethical ideals of Anglo-Saxons: they have never been seriously entertained as such. As we have never been prepared for what we call the literal, but what are the real, application of these teachings to our lives, so we have systematically shirked those great social implications of the Hebrew literature upon which Mr Headlam dwells so eloquently. It is not that we are hypocritical, we do not wantonly profess doctrines we really disavow. We do draw some small measure of humanity and charity from the Sermon on the Mount; it does help to feed our Anglo-Saxon spirituality. But in order to get this nutriment we doctor the document and extrude the strong stuff we feel we cannot comfortably digest.

Or take the Magnificat, which all Anglican churchgoers sing with delight. Its revolutionary language means something to such among them as are not the mere hypnotic dupes of fine language. They may even be

said to desire that the mighty shall be deposed from their seats and the humble shall be exalted. But this does not mean to them that their next-door neighbour, Sir John M——, shall lose his country seat, or the brewer in the next pew his seat in Parliament, nor does it mean that Snooks, who is nothing but a common labourer, shall get that five-acre holding, or Soames, the blacksmith, shall be 'elevated' to the magisterial bench. The social gospel of the Magnificat is something vague and far-away, not in their town or their time, still less to be fulfilled by such human instruments as elections and County Councils, laws and courts of justice Here and there is a layman, and, perhaps, all told, a goodly scattering of priests, whose keen intelligence and quickened heart break through the conventional uses of the Bible and the Book of Common Prayer, and stand with some firmness and clearness of vision upon Mr Headlam's platform: 'The Church is the people's; the great mass of wage-earning workers can crowd its altars and worship in its sanctuaries, making use of its comfortable Sacraments, being inspired by its democratic literature, being mentally strengthened by its carefully thought out

and long-tested doctrines, enjoying its emancipating Sunday, and entering freely into the fellowship of its society.'

It is a noble dream: how far realisable we do not venture to predict. For in the first place we doubt whether the popular movement in this country is heading for that full socialistic form into which a restored and democratically ordered Church would breathe the breath of spiritual communism. Another doubt remains. Though the materialism of the German Social-Democratic movement and the fierce anti-clericalism of the French have never been conscious dominant factors in the labour and socialist movement of this country, there is in the ranks of the intelligent working classes a widespread feeling of estrangement from the Churches, not wholly the result of the causes we have named. Modern science and philosophy have profoundly altered the significance of human personality and social life for thoughtful men and women, and though the eternal problems of the nature and origin of our universe, the place of the human species in it, the soul of man and its limitation, may still stand in substance the same, the setting of these questions has shifted so greatly as

to render inadequate for many the old forms of early religious speculative thinkers. If this vision of a People's Church of England is to be realised, more reconstruction and less adaptation of tenets and of ritual than Mr Headlam contemplates is likely to occur.

AN ANGLICAN BISHOP

EVEN good Churchmen, with a genuine spiritual sympathy with ecclesiasticism, must sometimes find a little piquancy in the status and functions of an Anglican bishop in our twentieth century life. Among the people at large—nominal Churchmen, Dissenters, or indifferents—his gaitered person as he moves about the streets arouses an interest mainly archæological, but carrying some tinge of magical feeling, mixed with the reverence due to rank. Probably a bishop's net influence in the moral ordering of our national life, extensive and intensive, though still considerable, is weakening, less from any spread of rationalism or other definite rejection of his spiritual authority than from a not irreverent humour which plays upon the incongruity of his position and claims in the new social order. Can any people moving towards self-government in politics,

industry, education, and other modes of self-control in which authority emanates from a number of individual wills, break off from the unity of this collective life a sphere of spiritual conduct, and hand it over to the governance of a little group of men claiming to wield divine powers, magically transmitted? We are not here concerned with the radical issue between self-government and traditional oligarchy as modes of maintaining social order and securing social progress. We are rather thinking of the bizarre character which acceptance of the first principle in other departments of conduct imposes on the position of spiritual authority claimed for a church and impersonated in her bishops. This contradiction by no means exhausts the sense of incongruity. There are other aspects. The survival of a caste of holy men, living out of 'the world' an ascetic life, devoted entirely to the acquisition and use of spiritual powers, has always been accepted as a specialisation of tastes and gifts rather than as an incongruity. Even the Roman Church, with all its tampering with temporal power and its material magnificence, has maintained the forms and in a large degree the substance of the severance

from the world for its priesthood. To liberal reflective minds an English bishop, with a wife and family, living in a house termed a 'palace,' and ranking as a peer of the realm, who at the same time claims to be the repository of spiritual powers handed on from the persons of Galilean fishermen, is hardly an intelligible being. Yet he exists, and can be made intelligible by a sufficiently skilful interpreter.

In a singularly clever little volume entitled *A Bishop's Letters*, the Rev. T. A. Lacey performs this feat for us. It is an admirable piece of self-portraiture in fiction, conveying through a sympathetic medium a convincing image of a good English bishop of to-day, without an apparent touch of conscious satire or exaggeration, and therefore filled with the humour of character and situation which inheres in the case. The blend of 'humanities' and 'barbarities' in our public schools and universities lays the foundation of such a personality; a not too subtle theological training in a vocation where tact, intelligence, vigour, and self-confidence are of supreme importance, provides the necessary professional superstructure, and the bracing atmosphere of episcopal elevation gives the

requisite sharpness of authoritative tone. He is a stable, fully-developed being as he is shown to us by a number of little series of letters which prick him out in his relations to his church and world. Upon the whole one is disposed to say that episcopacy triumphs over Christianity, for it shows a hard, just man, a little proud of both properties, striving towards toleration, but failing to conceal the absoluteness of his judgment, meting out with a too visible economy the measure of his love for his fellow men, a little ashamed of enthusiasm, and quite incapable of 'losing his life to save it.' And yet withal an easy, genial man in his private non-professional relations, full of help and shrewd advice to those in trouble, stubborn, almost brutal towards opposition, but generous to broken enemies.

We see him to best advantage in his advice to a missionary of dubious vocation, to one of his clergy on canonical obedience, and in handling scandalous cases or the questions of conscientious objectors. In such matters the intellectual strength of absolutism appears in the sharp, short, conclusive reasoning from fixed first principles, which gives real force, and even 'wit,' to his

literary style. Enough learning to furnish weapons for controversy, but not enough to make them unwieldy, sufficient subtlety to see the weaknesses of his opponent and to refuse to see his own, and a genuine pervasive belief in the infallibility of his representation of the Church, make him as formidable a controversialist as could be found. Here is part of his reply to a meddling statesman who, in a matter affecting the conduct of worship in a parish where he is not a parishioner, has written a letter of remonstrance :—

> 'The rest of your letter, though it is couched mainly in the form of questions, can hardly claim any comment from me, unless in acknowledgement of the public spirit with which you find time, in spite of the heavy strain of your official duties, to deal so largely with matters not in your immediate concern. It is, of course, open to anyone to criticise a bishop's administration of his diocese, and you are entitled to do this as you please ; but I think it better to profit in silence by such criticism, however ill-informed it may be, rather than to enter upon either admission or refutation of its content. To do this might seem to imply that one is answerable to his critic.'

Most delicate and interesting is the description, by the process which may be called 'insinuendo,' of the Bishop's relations towards his Dean, his Archbishop, and his Arch-

deacon, and others whose independence is apt to chafe against his own spiritual self-sufficiency. In dealing with lay intrusions he is less delicate, but even there he wields vulgar weapons with some skill. 'I regret the use of the word *impertinence*, as it seems to have pained you unnecessarily. I used the word in a narrow technical sense, but I ought to have seen that it might convey an offensive meaning, and I ask you to accept this apology for inconsiderate language.'

If the little volume is written as an 'apologia,' it fulfils the purpose excellently. For it shows us just what sort of Christianity is compatible with the dogged, dogmatic, narrowly emotional, unimaginative temper which has been our ideal of British efficiency. A certain larger leaven of rationalism than is openly permissible in the Roman communion is available for doctrine. In the substance of his faith our bishop is moderately liberal, but stiff in the maintenance of the creeds and formularies which maintain the authority of the Church. A test case is the request of one of his clergy for permission to preach in a dissenting pulpit.

> 'Privately, and in your own mind, you may think him as good a priest as yourself. He is probably

> as good a man, and I have no doubt he is a better theologian; I have read his books with interest and with profit. But that is not the point. You are invited to appear with him in a public capacity as sharing the same ministry. In your public capacity as a member of the Church, you cannot do this. The Church does not, in fact, recognise him. If you do so, you set yourself directly at variance with the Church of which you are a minister; and that state of things is quite intolerable. If, on the other hand, you go under some reserve, implied or expressed, you will be treating Mr Winter with discourtesy; and that, I hope, is equally intolerable.'

The logic of the situation is impregnable, and our bishop, being a fearless man in the defence of 'principle,' does not shrink from the firmest assertion of the spiritual dominion of the Church, not merely over the inner life of its adherents, but over their conduct in the closest relations of life. His discipline in the case of the remarriage of a divorced person affords an illuminating instance of an excess of authority which explains why the ordinary Englishman repudiates with contumely the duty of confession and the priestly rights of penance and of absolution, which are so explicitly asserted in the Book of Common Prayer.

These letters appeared originally in the *Church Times*, and we are quite prepared to believe that the figure they exhibit appears

to its readers that of a model modern Anglican bishop. To most of our readers they will serve to illustrate the subtle and perilous reactions of spiritual autocracy, embedded in the ferro-concrete of ecclesiastical tradition, upon a fine, able, honest, kindly English gentleman. His excellent qualities of intellect and heart would have made him an uncommonly good business organiser, statesman, schoolmaster, or public official. As bishop he fulfils all these functions with distinguished success. But there is a something, a presence or an absence, which dehumanises; perhaps it is the very quality which episcopates, transmuting the English gentleman into the quasi-Roman pontiff.

THE FAITH OF FREE THOUGHT

In a singularly interesting article in the last issue of the *Hibbert Journal* Mr Lowes Dickinson dwells upon the changed attitude of 'free-thinkers' towards the problems of life and the universe during the last generation. The old confidence in the universal reign of law, and in science as the sole authentic exponent of its operation, has broken down. Nor do we find anywhere that contented acceptance of the Agnostic position regarding ultimate issues displayed during the combative period of scientific advance in the mid-Victorian era. As Mr Dickinson points out, our latter-day free-thinkers are not less sceptical, but they are also more believing. Still in full revolt against the orthodox religious formulæ, all in their various fashions are stretching out 'lame hands of faith,' introducing some principle of unity and worship (in the proper

significance of that term) from some other than an intellectual source. So we find George Meredith demanding a worship for Earth, while the rejected creed of Positivism is gathering illustrious disciples in a religion of Eugenics, and numbers of hard-headed and somewhat unimaginative devotees of Secularism are rediscovering in Socialism the soul and the paradise abandoned by their fathers. This widespread and manifold revival of a distinctively religious movement among intellectual people outside the churches is of supreme significance in the spiritual life of the nation. We may distinguish in it two streams of tendency, one negative, one positive. In origin it is a vigorous reassertion of discontent against a purely scientific view of life. The early protests of the churches, or of such free-thinkers as Carlyle and Ruskin, against the arrogance of the scientific spirit of their age, were swept aside as mere displays of temperamental violence. Our sober thought could never acquiesce in Carlyle's mystical appeal for 'a great, deep, sacred infinitude of Nescience upon which all science swims as a mere superficial film.'

The modern criticism of the all-sufficiency

of science is far more definite and positive, and is voiced not by rhetoricians but by philosophers, such as Professors James Ward and William James, by serious, if audacious, sociologists, such as Mr Wells and Mr Shaw, as well as by not a few of our most influential historians of contemporary life. Not merely the present failure, but the inherent inability of science, and the logic it employs, to afford any satisfying apprehension of the universe as a moving, ordered harmony, and of man's place in such a harmony, is the kernel of the indictment. In part, it amounts to a general extension of the charge that science, but 'murders to dissect,' that it is essentially analytic in its method, and that such formative principles as the so-called scientific imagination employs in the large physical or psychical hypotheses about the nature of matter, or the meaning of evolution, are imported, unavowedly and often illicitly, from other modes of discovery. The false prominence which the doctrine of evolution has won in the study of human history, has served more than anything else to indicate the nature of the inadequacy of scientific reasoning to satisfy not merely the soul but the intelligence of man. So there has grown and spread what

Mr Wells happily terms 'a scepticism of the instrument,' a clear perception of the fact that evolution itself destroys the claim of science to be the supreme arbiter of higher truths by showing how scientific methods themselves are only evolved by selection for the practical uses of man in his struggle for survival, and have no such eternal and universal validity as has sometimes been claimed for them. The positive suggestion which emerges from such criticism is that we must look to the co-operation of faculties other than the intellectual mechanism of science, for the apprehension of life and the universe required to feed the spirit of men and to inspire us for the work of life. Mr Dickinson is right, we think, in using the term 'faith' to designate the faculty or process required for that synthetic work which science cannot do, and in claiming for faith a far wider and freer function than is contained within the limits of any orthodoxy. For the work of faith is poetry, the operation of the creative spirit of man, the impassioned imagination in its endeavours to seize the moving spectacle of life and to gather motive power and guidance. That this new approach to faith and poetry should be made simul-

taneously from so many different quarters outside the churches will, in our judgment, be fraught with enormously important results in a spiritual revival, which is already seen to awaken no mean response inside the churches. It is no new doctrine that Mr Dickinson sets forth—to many it will read as the purest Emerson—how that 'Poetry has been the raw material of all dogma, and such poetry is neither true nor false; it only becomes false or true, or both at once, at the moment it is formulated as a creed.' Is the age of creeds passing, to be displaced by an equally reverent and incomparably more sustaining, because more plastic, age of poetry, in which all that is individual, as well as that which is common to the emotional life of man, shall have free play in the interpretation of life?

But in one respect Mr Dickinson seems to us to fail adequately to interpret the poetic mission. If poetry means anything it means creation, and the poetic freedom of the religious life for all means the unceasing play of the creative power of man. It is surely untrue that we are merely concerned with 'process,' and that 'the idea of creation has ceased to be credible, and what is worn has ceased to be interesting.' On the

contrary, the most fundamental criticism of the inadequacy of science is based, as M. Bergson has shown in his profound work *L'Evolution Creatrice*, upon the subtle influence of 'creation' in the processes of evolution of life. In a word, it is the inability of scientific analyses to convey the 'urge of the world,' the *élan de vie*, which is continually expressing itself in the emergence of new poems, incalculable from all knowledge of prior conditions. The scientific positions, that history repeats itself, and that the same causes produce the same effects, though serviceable in the interpretation of inorganic nature, are baffled by organic unity, and have little efficacy when directed to the delicate processes of spiritual life. For in the realm of organic processes the arts of mechanical calculation, upon which science rests, continually fail; new species arise, new adaptations, new modes of conduct not predicable from the minutest possible knowledge of antecedents: it is a world of miracles, in the sense of results which no science can enable us to forecast, and which differ, in quality, character, or human interest, from anything that has occured before. This baffling force, this play of the creative energy, pulsing

through the universe, and exhibiting itself most conspicuously for man in organic changes affecting spiritual life, can only be apprehended, if at all, by some directly intuitive action of the mind of man, more akin to instinct than to reasoning.

Thus it is to man as spiritual artist rather than as scientist that we must look for that vital unity of apprehension required, not only for such understanding of life as is possible, but still more for that confidence in our power to alter things for the better, needed to nourish and sustain the human spirit. It is not easy to extricate this thought from the toils of a vague and shifty verbiage and give it clearness and validity. For this work, M. Bergson makes use of a fine and fruitful metaphor. A poet, who is your friend, reads you his poem, and your mind, held tense in a condition of keen emotional sympathy, attends and gathers in the impassioned meaning of the poem as a single emotional and intellectual experience, a 'creation.' As it is recited, it makes a single, unbroken impression: it has the force of a harmony. Only afterwards, when this tenseness of sympathetic apprehension is relaxed, reflection sets in, analysis ensues, you begin to dwell upon the separate

passages, the individual images, and the pattern of composition, the systematic order, so that the method of the artistry comes into clear consciousness: and as it does so, the feeling of the unity evaporates. So Bergson images the relation between the sort of intuition or higher instinct required for the apprehension of all organic movements and events, and the operation of the sciences which show *how* this flow of creative energy uses its material.

Great men of science have commonly been willing to admit the limits of reason as the guide of life, and to assign some real place to faith and imagination in the search after understanding. But it rests with modern philosophers and psychologists to set science and her methods in their true place as servants of humanity. This place is second, not first, in the art of life: for the facts and laws which they unfold do not furnish that full single harmony which we call the Universe, or set the soul of man in sympathetic accord with the wider pulsations of this 'over-soul.' It is here one perceives that the real reconcilement of religion with science lies. But the art of such religion must be free, a perpetual fountain of fresh divination

flowing over the enlarging fields of knowledge and fertilising them for spiritual nutriment. It is true that man must look with Mr Dickinson for 'a principle of growth—what I call Imagination, since some word one must use. And by this he stretches feelers into the dark, laying hold there of stuff and building mythologies and poems, the palaces of splendid hopes and desires.'

THE CHURCHES AND THE SOCIAL SOUL

THOUSANDS of ministers of religion, realising how intimately spiritual life is dependent on material conditions, have come to cherish a profound sympathy with the endeavours of the common people, by means of co-operative action in politics and industry, to secure a larger share of wealth, leisure, and other essentials of civilisation. Many of them, holding that 'Government and co-operation are the laws of life, anarchy and competition the laws of death,' are anxious to do all that in them lies towards the furtherance of an industrial order which shall realise this great moral truth. No body of men understand so well the material and spiritual havoc wrought upon vast numbers of our working population who are the helpless prey of economic forces which they can neither gauge nor control, and whose dawning intelligence is confused and mutilated by the apparent

unreason of the world in which they find themselves.

It is no wonder that men of light and leading in the churches now devote themselves to causes, movements, and policies which aim at redressing these conditions, and that their enthusiasm often leads them to demand liberty for their church to throw itself into this work of social redemption. But this attitude involves them in grave doubts and difficulties. What are the limits of pulpit propaganda in mundane matters? How far is it legitimate for 'parsons' to 'meddle with politics,' or to take a hand in conflicts between capital and labour? In a very eloquent and interesting manner the well-known Congregationalist preacher, Dr Forsyth, opens out this whole issue in a booklet entitled *Socialism, the Church, and the Poor*, adopting what must, we think, be regarded as a conservative position. While granting the fullest liberty to ministers in their capacity of good citizens to take an active part in the detailed work of social and political reform, he claims that a right understanding of the functions of the churches precludes them from contributing directly, and in concrete ways, to the solution of the social problem. 'The church has not to solve the social problem, but to provide

the men, the principles, and the public that can.' This doctrine is not bred of timidity, but proceeds from a definite, though, we venture to think, not entirely satisfactory, exposition of the social function of religion. To conceive Socialism, or, indeed, any other purely social ideal, as the spirit or the content of religion, demanding the supreme devotion of the energy of the churches, is, we agree with Dr Forsyth, to mistake profoundly the meaning of the religious life. It is, in fact, the great heresy, for which positivism stands, in its insistence that humanity upon this earth, or, indeed, in any other supra-mundane sphere, is the sole and final object of the reverence and devotion of man. It is quite true that in one sense the reform spirit in all modern churches has moved in the direction of a decline of other-worldliness as the absorping object of spiritual solicitude, a stronger insistence upon the practical religion of daily life as expressed in the fulfilment of duties towards our neighbour, and a growing tendency to break down the barrier of sacred and secular in the pulpit and the week-day activities of churches.

But though social ethics thus come to play a large and an increasing part in the life of the churches, they cannot claim, either now

or in the future, to absorb, or even to dominate, religion. For the sphere of religion like that of philosophy, must be primarily concerned with the relation of man to the unity and power of the universe, whether regarded as an object of contemplation for the philosopher, or of reverent emotion for the devotee. His relation to 'society,' his fellow-men, is secondary and derivative both for the understanding and the feelings. This fundamental position Dr Forsyth lays down in his asseveration that the Fatherhood of God precedes the Brotherhood of Man as a principle of religion, the latter flowing from the former as a necessary implication. And it is certainly the case that he who can truthfully assert that his religion is Socialism or any other actual scheme of merely human relations, is spiritually defective. Such pure concentration on human ends is no more religion than it is philosophy. The spirit of religion must transcend humanity, seeking a One which is higher and holier. But Dr Forsyth would be the last to admit that the conception of the spirit transfusing the churches should be allowed to settle into a barren mysticism, a quietism which should, in effect, ignore all duty of realising 'the Kingdom of God on earth.' Yet he would

seem to desire to keep the churches out of politics, and out of the concrete acts of struggle by which social betterment is achieved. The churches should work out the principles, should prepare the souls of men, should equip them with sound social motives, but should hold aloof from the actions in which these souls express themselves, the motives actualise themselves. Is it possible to defend this abstinence? We doubt it. 'It is a question,' we are told, 'not of the Kingdom of God as a social programme, but of the rule of God in our will, in our spiritual, personal allegiance.' Religion is thus put back into the traditional Protestant groove of personal piety, with the proviso that such piety will no longer be entirely self-absorbed, or be confined to a purely charitable interpretation of neighbourly duty, but will yield principles of practical guidance for the worker and the citizen. 'It is not a programme, but a spirit, a moral habit, that the church has, above all things, to bring to pass. It has to bring to pass the faith and the rule of Christ. Its first object is not the social state, but the social soul, meaning by that the godly soul, with its social love and serviceable feeling. For the church to identify itself wholly, as a Church, with a social programme

which is the order of the day is contrary to its genius and commission.'

But we do not feel sure that this sharp distinction between a spirit of personal service and a programme or policy of concrete conduct will serve to solve the dilemma of the modern minister. For it is this very demand of personal piety to realise itself through social service, that impels many a minister to attach himself to political and social movements which claim to 'build Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land,' and to use all the spiritual forces of his church to help in bringing about material and spiritual changes favourable to a finer type of personality. Can a church assist in making principles and men capable of social service without taking a direct part in testing, determining, and moulding the very forms of that social service? If a minister of Christ's church is living among rack-rented slum dwellings, sees all around the ruin wrought by drink, gambling, prostitution, and the organic connection between all these shapes of personal vice and misery and the abuses of property and of bargaining which his personal experience discloses, must he not, as a duty of his sacred office, denounce these evils in their political as well as their personal bearings, and ally himself and

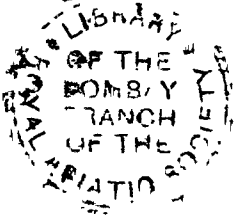
his church with whatever organisation seems to him effective for their remedy? Yet such a course, if it be pursued, may carry him far into policies, and even programmes of political and social reform. How far? Must he endanger the quieter, deeper, more abiding influences of his office by partisanship in the heated struggles between rival interests and classes, breaking heads with his mace, even if he may not hew limbs with his sword?

We venture to think that Dr Forsyth's solution fails because of his inadequate realisation of the meaning of his term, 'the social soul.' The tradition of the Protestant Churches has ever disposed us overmuch to spiritual individualism, so that we fail adequately to grasp the spiritual personality which ought to be conveyed in such a term. In other words, it is not the only social duty of a church to form individual personalities of such sort that they respond freely to the material and spiritual needs of one another, each acting from some separate centre of enlightened piety. The social soul implies a closer, a more real, organic unity than that. Is it not rather the supreme moral task of a church to aid in creating for society, for a city, a nation, a conscious social personality, that rationalisation of the 'general will'

which is something different from the mere aggregation of the goodwills of its individual members? Call it what you like, enlightened public spirit, national conscience, social personality, it is surely the clear-sighted devotion to this object that will rightly serve to differentiate the propagandism of a church or its minister from the coarser and more opportunist methods of the politician or the labour leader, and will be an antiseptic to the poisonous vapour of party controversy. For those who recognise this, the greatest spiritual need of our time, perhaps of every time, it will become increasingly difficult to refuse the active co-operation of churches in the reconstruction of social institutions, so as to furnish a worthy tenement for the social soul. Faithful ministers will have more and more to concern themselves with, though not to absorb themselves in, the details of policy, and even of programme, which belong to this portion of their gospel. Their answer to the charge of meddling with politics must lie, not in a craven withdrawal, but in a persistent endeavour to purge the controversies which they enter from mere heat and violence, from the bitterness of sectarian or class passions, by infusing into them that calm spirit of the whole which comes with healing on its wings.

V

OF POLITICS



THE SOVRANTY OF 'SOCIETY'

How is it that while a working-class audience becomes wild with indignation when one of its chosen leaders dares to dwell upon its foibles or its vices, Society smiles complacently at every exposure of its folly, every reprobation of its wickedness? It has always done so. *Vanity Fair* and *The Newcomes* aroused no resentment, they were the favourite reading of the very people whom their satire was designed to flay. The more vehement denunciation of a recreant aristocracy and a vulgar new plutocracy by Carlyle and Ruskin, Matthew Arnold's taunts at the 'barbarian' class, were treated by the objects of attack with the same amused interest as the present day tirades of a Father Vaughan, or the mock revolutionism of Mr. Bernard Shaw. None of these things move them. Nay, one may go further, and say that Society thrives on such abuse. Denounce the idleness, frivolity, vice, luxury, display

of 'high life,' its denizens, if they condescended to reply, would say, 'Yes, this is the way we live; we can afford to do it. Don't you wish you could? In your secret souls you all admire us for it.' It is the half-conscious recognition of the validity of this retort that makes all these linguistic assaults upon the fortress of Society so utterly innocuous. Those inside know very well how amenable are their fiercest critics to well-chosen social influences. It could indeed hardly be otherwise. Though 'Society' forms but a minute fraction of our national life, its moral influence is pervasive, a very atmosphere in which we all live, move, and have our being. For though we may be born and reside in a distinctly inferior grade, we look for our rules of respectability in most matters of behaviour, dress, bearing, habits, and interests, to the grade next above us, and they, in their turn, look up, and so it comes to pass that the 'form,' 'style,' 'fashions' of the glorious beings at the top percolate through the social fabric and are imposed upon us in due course at our lower level.

Nowhere does authority achieve such absolute finality as in the unanswerable phrase, 'Madam, it is not worn.' Society

rules by this moral prestige. To ask how it has acquired the sway is to ask for a complete history of modern England. No doubt the breakdown of fixed status, especially in the aristocracy, had much to do with its extension. A too exclusive aristocracy cannot radiate such power, for where there is no hope of entrance the prestige is one of impotent admiration, not of imitation. But the chief cause of this power is the evolution of a great and highly stratified middle-class moving upward by hardly sensible gradation into aristocracy, and stooping in its lower reaches to meet the upper grades of the skilled and well-paid workers. Given this elaborate social-economic structure, the product of the industrial changes of the last century and a half, we have the prime condition of a moral control of society, far more powerful, various, and pervasive than has been exercised in any other nation at any other age. This theme is handled ably and with profound insight by Mr H. E. M. Stutfield in a work of realistic sociology, *The Sovranty of Society*.

His treatment is the more effective because the writer is a Conservative in politics, and his diagnosis, though keen and even ruthless,

is highly discriminative. He dwells little on the graver scandals and vices which stand in the limelight. He does not find 'Society' particularly wicked. Indeed, our 'Society' as compared with that of Imperial Rome, or medieval Florence, or eighteenth-century Paris, or even London under the Georges, is a cradle of innocence. There are not nearly so many black sheep, nor are they so black. Even the coarse brutalities and the mad recklessness which marked English 'Society' in the eighteenth century, the drunkenness, gaming, and brawling, are no longer the accepted attributes of an English gentleman. The extravagances which mark our Society are less audacious, milder, and more consistently foolish. The life, though equally destitute of principle or purpose, is less full-blooded and virile. The words which best express that life are sport, dissipation, frivolity, insipidity, triviality. It is, indeed, this last word which Mr Stutfield rightly chooses to summarise the characteristic features of 'Society.' Wherever Society lays hands on any object or occupation, it trivialises it. And Society does directly, and not by subservient imitation only, interfere with so many of our institutions. It must do so, for it has to mould the character

of the 'Society' man or woman, to furnish them scope for 'social' activities, and to secure supports for 'the existing order of things,' of which Society is the decorative frieze. So the hand of frivolity is laid upon our public schools to teach boys to be in the first place little 'sportsmen' and little 'gentlemen,' scholars afterwards, if at all. In all save an indomitable few, the seeds of free curiosity and love of knowledge are destroyed, or their young shoots are carefully grafted on to some older stock of reputable learning. As Professor Veblen has shown in his *Theory of the Leisure Class*, all intellectual or cultural valuations are vitiated and reversed by the canons of social reputation, which give importance to studies in inverse ratio to the utility which they contain.

Nor does religion fare much better. As a subsidiary instrument of Society, the modern Church not merely serves the ceremonial and sedative purposes for which it was primarily designed, but it blossoms out into a mass of light week-day functions destitute of any serious purpose, and, in the main, thin cloaks for frivolity. Or, again, if we ask what is wrong with our art, our graver literature or drama, why any worthy practice of these great creative arts is well-nigh

impossible, we are met by the same inevitable answer. Society, that sets the tone, does not want serious art and literature; they bore it, and it recognises in them a deep-rooted hostility to itself. It belongs to frivolity, indeed, to be wayward and inconsistent: it plays pranks with its own nerves. So it will let in, and even sanction with some brief stamp of fashion, some dangerous play of Mr Galsworthy. But no great realistic work of wide and shaking purpose, could have a run; the self-protective instinct of Society, operating through its press, its pulpit, its ubiquitous buzz of drawing-rooms, would soon stifle it.

But Society enjoys special spheres of influence. The Army, the diplomatic service, and the Foreign Office have always belonged to it, and through them Society has pulled innumerable strings. It is just here that the crux of Army reform is found. How shall an army which is primarily, not a profession, or a means of livelihood, but a 'social function,' get itself reformed into 'efficiency'? Mr Stutfield thinks that the illuminating confession that in the Army 'It is bad form to be keen' is no longer true, and that a genuine spirit of reformation has set in. But we doubt its lasting character,

or its power so easily to extricate itself from the blight of sport and frivolity.

More indirect, more insidious, and, perhaps, more dangerous is the grip of Society over politics. It is one thing to have an open formal oligarchy, as was the case half a century ago, quite another to have a formal democracy with the real strings of government pulled from a few drawing-rooms in Mayfair, or by rich financiers who buy their right to call or block a public policy by subscriptions to the party fund. Mr Stutfield's caustic summary, though certainly not new, is deeply significant. 'The Mandarins of the Front Bench on either side thoroughly understand each other; they abuse one another in public, but they are often in reality excellent friends, for, as they spring from the same classes, there is a bond of social union between them. You may nowadays have bitter political opponents calling one another, outside the House, by their Christian names; their families intermarry, and a high Tory will sometimes act as best man at a Radical politician's wedding. Their virulent polemics, their furious logomachies across the floor of the House, are largely make-believe; and the week-end may find them shooting, golfing,

or dining together, just as though no political bar sundered them.' 'Yes,' it will be replied in one of those very phrases which Society has imposed for its protection, 'it is this absence of personal ill-feeling that is so admirable in our public life.' Just so long as this answer sounds satisfactory, will it remain true that private considerations (a synonym for Society) determine public policy. Nor is it in Parliament alone that social influences rule. Everyone acquainted with the workings of party politics is aware that the bestowal of 'titles' is only the most patent of the workings of the 'social spoils' system which operates down to the most trifling use of invitations through every grade of popular life.

One other avenue of this 'sovranty' requires mention. From Society emanates the same taint of frivolity into our business life. Capable men are passed over in the control of our great businesses in favour of rich men. In some cases, notoriously our railroad system, the appointment of untrained and incompetent directors for their name and influence has done immeasurable damage. But the directorates of many other sorts of business suffer from the same inefficiency, at a time when other countries

are selecting and training their best brains in order to keep abreast of new inventions and new modes of enterprise.

How comes it that Society can exercise this baleful and multifarious power, can impose the maxims that it is bad 'form' to be keen, or to exhibit strong feelings, to value steady industry, and to have serious interests in life? Perhaps this important question would be fully answered if we could explain to ourselves how the colossal act of impudence is possible by which the name 'Society' has, with the connivance of all users of our language, been usurped by a tiny section whose power and practices, nay, whose very existence, are anti-social.

THE WILD MAN

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD stumbled into a fine exactitude of language the other day when, speaking of Mr Stead and his co-alarmists, he dubbed them 'the wild men.' 'What do the wild men want?' We need not trouble ourselves about the answer to this question. For wild men do not, as such, want any object in particular, whether it be sixteen 'Dreadnoughts,' a message from Myers, or the canonisation of Abdul Hamid: they simply want to be 'wild' because 'it is their nature to.' We can best approach this nature through instances of uncontested validity enabling us to distinguish the type from the others to which it has a superficial likeness. Mr Stead is a chief among wild men. It is not because he holds eccentric views, expresses himself with a certain picturesque violence, keeps a bureau of spooks, wishes to save England and feels that he alone can do it. Faddists, ex-

tsemists, eccentrics, abound, but they are not necessarily wild men in our proper sense of this term. Your anti-vaccination monomaniac is a faddist, but he is not a wild man, your bomb-throwing anarchist is both eccentric and extreme, but he is not wild. For it is of the essence of the wild man that he be not merely extreme but variable and incalculable in his extremity. A fixed principle sterilises wildness by giving direction to its violence. So, in the world of thought, such men as Tolstoy or even Nietzsche do not rank as 'wild.' The term, indeed, is sometimes used in politics of independent natures who refuse party ties: in Germany Mr Harold Cox would be 'ein wilde,' as in America he would be called a 'kicker.' But this is really an abuse of the word. A wild man in the world of thought is an intellectual swashbuckler, a reckless improviser of speculative audacities, a confident plunger into the arcana of Nature or humanity, half-quack, half-genius, sometimes a precursor of ordered thought. In older times it is hard to distinguish them, for in the beginning of thought all men were perforce adventurers, carrying their lives in their hands, stumbling in a maze of mystery from paradox to paradox. Even in Plato one catches at

times this call of the wild. To moderns, indeed, there is an air of wildness in the work of all pioneers, who tread unmapped regions studded with unseen and incalculable hazards. The alchemists, astrologers, mechanicians, herbalists, who groped in the foundations of the sciences, stand in such contrast to the cautious and the ordered march of modern scientists, that they seem little else than superstitious charlatans.

Nor can we deny to such a case as that of Paracelsus the propriety of the epithet 'wild man,' any more than in a later age we can refuse it to a very different sort of man, Rousseau. In such instances it becomes evident that what Bacon styled 'intellectus sibi permissus,' the loose play of reason, is a badge of wildness. But it affords no sufficient explanation of this nature. For wildness is more of the blood than of the brain. Though we find to-day in intellectual circles an occasional example of 'wild' rationalism, men who run riot in academic logomachy, or spend unmeasured energy in barren iconoclasm, or in weaving fancy dresses for the universe, there is too much temporary earnestness of purpose in these pursuits to merit the true censure of wildness. In the real wild man his intellect must be

the mere servant of his passions. It is not merely that 'he thinks in little pieces that lie about loose,' as Mr Wells has said of the ordinary 'educated' man, but that he puts his intelligence at the free disposal of a diseased and dramatised ego which is allowed to use it to feed a sheer lust of self-importance. Put a man with this abnormally developed craving into any field of thought or action, it drives him to seek a spectacular notoriety which can only be achieved by becoming a quick-change artist. The slow, continuous, consistent pursuit of any purpose or policy, however much publicity attends it, will not satisfy this sort of craving.

This brings us round again to the case of Mr Stead and to the fields of journalism and politics which are the fittest feeding-grounds for the wild man. 'Me, me adsum qui feci!' is the perpetual cry of the wild man. He must ever be crowning heroes or unmasking traitors, now pushing two nations to the verge of armed conflict, now appearing as their sensational saviour with a hot scheme of universal peace, denouncing a foul conspiracy while pouring adulation over the chief conspirator, doing all, daring all, in order to enjoy the sense of 'being a cause.' For it is this sheer crude egoism, the itch

to see the world moving at your will, or, more psychologically rendered, the itch to enjoy this itch, that drives the wild man. Even in journalism this wildness may be qualified by other less ignoble motives—in fact, some generosity of nature is essential to a distinctively imaginative career. Cobbett was a wild man in the same craft as Mr Stead, but no one can follow his career intelligently without seeing in him other passions strong enough at times even to over-ride the master passion and subdue it to self-sacrifice. Proudhon, the revolutionary scribe of 1848, the centenary of whose birth is celebrated next week, was a typical wild man who will live as the maker of a single phrase he did not really mean: 'La propriété c'est le vol.' Yet there is no reason to deny him some disinterested desire to benefit mankind.

So it is commonly with the wild man in politics. He may, perhaps even must, have some strong genuine convictions, however fleeting, some real attachment to a party, a cause, a movement, more commonly to several parties, causes, movements. For narrowly concentrated egoism cannot feed on itself for an adequate career: it requires a number of disinterested suckers to draw sustenance for wildness. This gives us

Mr Roosevelt as the wildest of the wild men in modern politics, *hors concours*. A creature of a thousand impulses darting from a complex personality, he probably 'presents' himself to himself as a man of destiny with a closely welded unity of purpose, consistently pursued through many tortuous paths of thought and action. This firm conviction of consistency and mission—to grapple with the trusts, to plan a triumphant campaign for the party of the trust-makers, to force on a Spanish war, to herald the age of arbitration, to punish corrupt officials, and to safeguard the Tariff—citadel of all corruptions—remains a supreme source of self-satisfaction, and a perpetual fountain of folly in act and utterance. There are, of course, especially in public life, many men of this type of character who are not dignified by the name of wild men. For the instability and caprice of a weak nature is not wildness: Lord Rosebery is not a wild man. There must be force without control, the instability of fire not of water, for the wild man is pre-eminently a destroyer. Journalism here again affords the test, it is a veritable menagerie of wild men, roaring and rampaging to the public ear and eye. Your wild man in the pulpit,

the academic chair, even in the House of Commons, must observe some limits in range of subject and in treatment—his personality is more or less in constant evidence, and pride itself imposes some restraints. But the wild man behind a newspaper becomes impersonal, inhuman, 'either god or beast' (and there is little doubt which he tends to be): he can take all ignorance for his province, can darken an illimitable sphere of counsel, can play upon the wild instincts of the horde, from an inexhaustible supply. Thus it comes about that a certain type of wild man takes to the Press as to his natural lair, and issuing nightly sows his tares in the fallow field of the common mind. The only way of disarming him and making his sensational egoism innocuous is to prepare the common field with wholesome crops of sturdy growth. This is the chief function of culture, of that 'sweetness' which shall teach men to shun the crudeness of violent emotions, of that 'light' which shall expose the falsehood of extremes, that culture which, in the familiar words of Roman wisdom, gives men grace of manners, 'nec sinit esse feros.'

AGITATION

THERE is a view regarding agitations and the art of agitation which in certain quarters, notably in the editorial columns of the *Times*, has hardened into something like a doctrine. According to this view the agitator, a natural enemy of social order, is able to communicate to the mind of a mass of people a burning sense of grievances which have no substance, but which once accepted will generate destructive energy. So the political agitator sows sedition among ignorant peasants, who refuse to pay their rents and even take up arms against the Government; the labour leader goes among working people who were quite contented with their lot and rouses them to rebel against their masters; a radical parson or a mad Dervish infuses into his audiences some fanatical poison which goads them to love their enemies, despise riches, refuse military service, aud to seek the Kingdom of God on earth. The real interest

of this view of agitation is that it endows the agitator with a miraculous power of fabricating energy: the explosive result has no cause, the agitator has agitated, that is all. Or even if it be admitted that the agitator doesn't 'do it all,' the force to which his agitating personality appeals is conceived merely as a fund of formless 'discontent,' which takes shape and direction from any strong suggestion put into it.

Now this superstitious theory lends itself with fatal facility to short-sighted and dangerous methods of handling public disturbances. Since an agitation can be concocted out of nothing, implies no substantial grievance, no reasonable remedy is applicable, blind force must be stamped out by superior force. One of the historic tests of Liberalism is the repudiation of this doctrine, and the insistence that real and substantial grievances must furnish the material for a successful agitation, and that sound remedies consist in the redress of these grievances.

'The causes and motives of seditions,' wrote Bacon, 'are, innovation in religion; taxes; alteration of laws and customs; breaking of privileges; general oppression; advancement of unworthy persons; strangers; deaths; disbanded soldiers; factions grown

desperate; and whatsoever, in offending people, joineth and knitteth them in a common cause.'

Lord Morley also, in a well-known passage, names religion and taxation as the two dominant revolutionary forces, representing as they do the most powerful pressure of the material and spiritual sources of revolt. It is pretty safe to say that no agitation becomes dangerous in which one of these two motives is not involved. The recognition of this truth is nowhere so essential and nowhere so difficult as in the government of subject peoples, especially where wide differences of race, colour, and mode of living preclude intelligent sympathy between governors and governed.

So long as class holds down class, or people holds down people, in slavery, serfdom, or any other form of subjection, the recurrence of dangerous agitations is inevitable, for whatever goodwill or sense of justice animate the masters, the fact of mastery disables them from recognising grievances: they can only recognise sedition, and can only act upon the miraculous view of agitations.

Particularly helpless is Imperialism in face of the spiritual ferments which sweep over

peoples whose nature and history renders them susceptible to sudden religious appeals. The hopeless crudity of Western modes of government in handling what we term Eastern fanaticism is dramatised for us in a terse telegraphic message which some years ago appeared in the columns of the London Press: 'A new saint has appeared in the Swat Valley: the police are after him.'

If one grant the intolerable obvious truth that every agitation in order to become dangerous must have a persistent genuine core of grievance, it is evident that every fresh output of physical force in repression, unattended by a visible application of just remedies, feeds the agitation, and lays up a store of future trouble. These commonplaces of sane policy are especially applicable to an Imperialism which claims to have an educative mission. The Anglo-Saxon mission to spread Protestant forms of Christianity appealing to individual judgment, and governmental theories involving the basic conception of the rights of the governed, is manifestly inconsistent with the forceful control of subject races. No wonder the new American autocracy in the Philippines prohibited the circulation of the Declaration of Independence as a 'damned incendiary document,' and that

the white masters in Natal burned the churches of Zulu pastors who claimed the liberty of preaching the Gospel of Jesus to their own people. How is it possible that the unsophisticated teaching of the New Testament, with its doctrines of the common Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, should fail to exercise a revolutionary influence upon the minds of Kaffirs? Nor is it less certain that after we have fed the more intelligent and aspiring young subjects of our Indian Empire upon Burke, Macaulay, Mill, and Spencer, they should proceed to turn this teaching on the state of India and the tenure of the British raj. What must be the effect upon the receptive Eastern mind which is invited to peruse the political wisdom of the West enshrined in the *Essay on Liberty* or the *Representative Government* of J. S. Mill?

Ideas are the real agitators, and the combustible material which they kindle to 'agitation' and 'sedition' is the latent sense of justice, the rights of the common people to enjoy the fruits of their labour in the cultivation of their soil, and the practical control of their lives in accordance with their notions of self-government and self-development. An oppressed, impoverished, and

divided people may be kept in quiescence by a bold, unhesitating exercise of physical force, attended by such measure of master's justice as is required to subserve the economy of autocracy. But to send Christian missionaries abroad among the people, and to teach the text books of English democracy in the schools and colleges is to establish a persistent propaganda of agitation, sowing the seeds of popular disturbances, afterwards to be denounced and repressed as sedition or rebellion.

It is a plain enough lesson in the logic of Imperialism. A civilised government, believing, just in proportion as it is civilised, in the efficacy of ideas and of moral force, is driven to become an agitator. Then, of a sudden, when some of its carefully sown seed bears its kindly fruit, the civilised government is stricken with alarm at the success of its own propaganda, and reverts to earlier methods of barbarism, martial law, imprisonment without trial, repression of the primary rights of men it had so sedulously taught. Liberalism is still said to mean 'trust in the people' at home. What does it mean in the outlying parts of our 'free, tolerant, unaggressive Empire'?

Is it not possible that there, too, the

prophylactic against dangerous disturbances may be more faith in the people, a faith expressed in works—first of all the due performance of definite pledges given to the peoples; secondly, the growing association of the people with the real control of their national destiny? At any rate, only under a government conforming to these sane maxims of Liberal policy is it safe to permit the Gospels and the writings of Mill to circulate among the educated members of a subject race.

THE GAME OF EFFICIENCY

WHEN Lord Rosebery introduced into this country the game called National Efficiency, made, like other political and philosophic toys, in Germany, he can have had little notion of the vogue it was destined to achieve, or of the fine tinge of ironic humour conveyed by his personal introduction. We need not explain to an English public that in speaking of National Efficiency as a game we have no intention to disparage its seriousness. For it is not either cynicism or paradox to say that not only do we take our games seriously, but that they are the only things which, as a nation, we do take seriously. It first became a serious pastime among journalists, platform politicians, and unsuccessful merchants at Chambers of Commerce. They would speculate or dogmatise, according to their mood, upon the questions what in particular this National Efficiency might mean, and how to get it, and whether we or Germany, or later on Japan, had most of it. When we were first discovering the

commercial advance of Germany, we put it down to her better scientific and technical training, and our notion of procuring the requisite competitive efficiency consisted in dreams of British Charlottenburgs endowed by patriotic Jew financiers and sustained by copious draughts of whisky-money. Education got the first call in the game. Then came the Boer War and all the heart-and-pocket-searching that ensued. Here was England with drained resources and damaged military reputation in charge of a magnificent imperial domain which malicious rivals were eyeing enviously. It was then that the subtle pleasures of national posing began to be cultivated. Our ancient national pride in England's greatness gave place to a brooding self-consciousness, in which dramatic confidence in our 'destiny' was punctured by occasional questions about our capacity to fulfil our 'mission.' Then Mr Kipling came in and imparted to the game its distinctive character, for it was he who gave sentimental unity to the proper blend of 'destiny' and 'mission.'

It was Mr Kipling who first raised the full note of 'solemn' warning, admonished us of our sins and negligences, and shifted the demand for 'efficiency' from the com-

mercial on to the 'moral' plane. It was he who discovered that we were a nation of sportsmen and 'slackers,' besought us to cultivate once more the virtues of an imperial temper, and to substitute the rifle-range for the football posts. It was partly romantic sentimentalism figuring as 'dead earnest,' partly a complacent repentance that enjoys itself—the 'miserable sinners' of the squire's pew on a Sunday. But it was nothing more than an amiable and misty state of mind in the semi-educated classes. If we had serious poets and a people capable of taking them seriously, a chant of national efficiency might indeed have struck home. But everybody had already learned the art of taking poetry as poetry; they all knew in their undermind while they enjoyed the melodious austerity of the *Recessional* that it was 'only Kipling.'

There was grace and skill and imagination in the appeal of Kipling. There are none of these qualities in the recent drum-thumping. The game of efficiency is now taken over by the scare-preachers of the *Spectator* and the *Observer* who are determined to get us into 'a new way of life.' What we have to do is to see 'the new fact from which there is no escape. Our command of the sea is being challenged by a people

with material resources just as great as, if not greater than, our own.' What we have, therefore, to do is to 'Prepare, prepare, and again prepare.' Every nursery is to be a miniature scouting ground, blind man's buff and hide-and-seek are to be 'preparatory' play, what time remains for schoolboys after their military exercises must be given to the teaching of 'real' history which shall show 'the world, not as we would like it to be, but as it is—the world of blood and iron, controlled by men who are not humanitarians or philanthropists, but persons intensely human on the other side of man's nature, persons who do not take what they would call the Sunday-school view of the world, but rather the view that man is still a wild beast, that the race is to the strong and not to the well-intentioned.' As they approach maturity, our boys and girls should 'get together' into brotherhoods and sisterhoods, and register 'a solemn and serious resolve to do their best in the future to prepare themselves for meeting a great national emergency, should it arise, in a calm, vigilant, and self-sacrificing spirit.' It is not mere drilling and rifle-shooting that are wanted. The spirit of Savonarola is to be abroad, preaching to every soul preparation against

the approaching doom. Whatever your hand finds to do must be done in this spirit of national preparation: 'Every man, whether he is tilling the soil, hewing coals, laying bricks, writing books, organising business, or planning some industrial work, great or small, must accustom himself to feel that he is doing it, not for himself or for his family alone, but partly for his country.' A laudable sentiment enough at all times; has it any special application now?

To this agitation we apply the term sham-serious, though it is altogether too simple and abrupt for an accurate description. The persons who read with approval and even with emotion these hysterical appeals to 'Repent and Prepare' do not really believe what the *Spectator* calls 'the new fact': they do not really believe England is in imminent and deadly peril, and they have not the least intention to make any serious personal sacrifice to 'save' her. They are, however, willing to play the game of make-believe up to a certain point—that is, up to the point where it ceases to be a game, and calls upon them to face real dangers and incur real sacrifices. As men they will play 'Territorials' and 'Dreadnoughts' just as long as it doesn't mean too great inroads on

their leisure and their purse. If they can get others to serve and pay they will 'save' England as long as the editor of the *Spectator* likes. It will not be mere pretence. Every child knows that it must really believe the assumptions of a game, or else there is 'no fun in it.' 'Clarence,' the boy-scout, who is to save England, must believe in the enemy he stealthily tracks down. So it must be with the grown-ups whom the *Spectator* summons to a life of 'playing Indians.' They must agree to 'believe' in the reality of the plotting enemy against whose dastardly attack they are preparing, they must 'believe' in 'the world of blood and iron' and all the rest of the false sentimental hypothesis of the 'preparation' game. Nay, they must, in a sense, 'really' believe these things, but this 'reality' of their belief must itself be sham, and yet they must not consciously recognise its shamness—that feeling lying in the background of their mind as a provision against taking the game too seriously. They are to get their satisfaction out of the thrills of surprise, fear, hate, and exultation which 'The New Way of Life' will yield. The scornful and indignant protests against this representation of the appeal are themselves part of the game.

Let us put the issue in a plain question. Does any sane, observant person really suppose that this 'revivalist' appeal upon the basis of a few passing mis-statements of German shipbuilding will do anything appreciable to induce the well-to-do to prefer a dull, hot, crowded march, carrying arms, to a day's golf with caddies to carry their clubs, or a motor spin at twice the speed-limit? Will it induce the masses to abandon spectatorial football for Spectatorial preparation? Not a bit of it. They understand far too well what their *Daily Mail* is for. Savonarola, indeed! Their Savonarolas preach in the music-halls and in the Yellow Press. Truly a feat of humour to be able to mouth such jargon with a straight face. But not at all a serviceable humour. For national efficiency, after all, is a real thing, and the worst that can be done to it is to besot the national intelligence with idle make-believe directed to repudiating the primary principles of the progress of civilisation, and to inflaming those passions which it is the first aim of all human government to curb. Nor is the play redeemed from its dangerous frivolity by the fact that a good deal of political and commercial 'business' is mixed up with it, and that it brings in plenty of 'gate-money.'

THE POLITICIAN'S SOUL

THE cynic, whose metier consists in contrasting theories of conduct with practice, thoroughly enjoys himself at election time. Theory shows him the free and independent elector pondering in his equal mind the conflicting claims of various policies as set before him by skilled, impartial exponents, and after full consideration achieving a reasoned judgment which he duly registers upon election day. Practice discloses—well, what you may learn just now by sitting for a couple of evenings in the smoke-room of a party club. So we are invited to believe that the 'politics' of a General Election are nothing else than the 'art of electioneering,' and that this art consists at bottom of playing on the passions and self-interest of the various orders of elector, irrespective of the merits of the cause, so as to 'get his vote.' The cynic shows you next the career of the politician who, having by these means secured the requisite majority of votes, takes his

place in the great council of the nation. There, driven by the necessity of reconciling as he may the pledges given to his constituents with the demands of the party whip, he sacrifices his private judgment and conscience upon the altar of opportunism, and the same arts of 'management' which he successfully applied to the electorate are now practised upon him by the 'powers above.' Nay, should he play the game so well that in due course he attains office, he is no nearer to the sphere in which liberty of thought and conscience have free scope: he must not only subordinate his personal feelings and judgment, but set himself to coerce and cajole lesser politicians. So our cynic warms to his task of exposure. The higher walks of politics substitute a more conscious roguery for dupery, until the master statesman is revealed as the Machiavellian monster who, by manipulating the elaborate instrument, sucks the heart blood of humanity to feed his conception of the State. Thus painted, politics, indeed, appears 'a dirty trade,' and the politician, what Adam Smith dubbed him, 'that crafty and insidious animal.'

Such an account of politics needs, of course, no refutation: it carries its own

condemnation. If there were really in the elector, the candidate, the member, the official, no real bias in favour of truth, justice, and the public good, if the art of the electioneer, the demagogue, the wire-puller, the whip, were as unmoral and as absolute as was pretended, nothing deserving the name of a State, or even such an organ as a party, could have ever come into existence.

We need not, indeed, discuss so false a view, except so far as it suggests the more relevant question why it is that politics and politicians are terms which tend, in modern times particularly, to gather opprobrium. The theme is not novel, but Professor Pollard, speaking the other day at the Society of Arts, gave fresh point to it in a discourse which served upon the whole as a moral defence of the politician. Dwelling upon the difference between the most developed form of ancient society and our own, he drew attention to the fact that whereas politics virtually absorbed the thoughts and energy of every citizen in such a state as Athens, it plays but a trivial part in the life of the vast majority of our citizens, being relegated as the special function of a little class. This helps to explain part of the opprobrium, both its exaggeration and the tincture of truth it

contains. For the passing of politics from a universal pursuit into a particular profession involves, on the one hand, a craft or mystery, and exposes its expert operators to temptations to abuse of power; upon the other, it raises suspicions based on ignorance and directed to exaggerated fear of these abuses. The modicum of truth underlying our cynic's picture explains the special charges usually made against the politician, the 'economy of truth' which he is said to practise, and his habit of compromise on matters of principle. The former charge admits, no doubt, of an effective formal rebuttal. One has only to refer to the accepted usages and amenities of social intercourse, to the prevalent arts of advertising and of bargaining in most businesses, for close analogies to every form of *suppressio veri* or *suggestio falsi* charged against the politician. Even the diplomatist, 'a good man sent to lie abroad for his country's good,' differs little, if at all, from the good agent or traveller whose 'country' is some line of cotton goods or some insurance policy.

Indeed, up to a certain point there is the same validity in the ethical defence which is set up in the two cases. The rigid moralist who insists that there cannot be a different

standard for a man speaking in a public and in a private capacity, that a statesman supporting a policy which he does not privately approve is a liar just as much as if he fabricated a false statement for his private ends, disregards a vital distinction. Professor Pollard brought out this truth by a very forcible example when he reminded his audience that, since a Cabinet Minister was sworn not to reveal the King's counsel, it was evident that circumstances might arise requiring him to utter a formal lie in order not to break his oath. This embodies the essential truth that a politician, in acting as a member of a Cabinet, or even a party, is no longer a private individual bound only by the sanctions of private morality. He becomes a part of a larger composite personality, in which his own personality and the responsibility attaching to it are in a measure merged. Those who tell us so confidently that 'the best men' will never enter politics because they will not submit to this sacrifice, speak without warrant. There exists, no doubt, a type of high-minded man who is temperamentally incapable of the sort of moral sacrifice required. But to describe him as 'the best man' is to beg the whole question. Indeed, it may be urged

that, if he be 'the best,' an impassable gulf divides ethics and politics, and the latter art, deprived of the finest human sustenance, must ever tend to degradation and decay.

This assumption we refuse to make. On the contrary, history discloses numerous instances of men who have not merely passed through the dust and strife of politics with their standards of private conduct unscathed and unimpaired, but whose personality has been matured and enriched by the very sacrifices which have been imposed upon them by consideration of the larger good of the company with which they acted. The practical ethics of politics is not so much looser than as different from the ethics of the mere individual. The ultimate standards, however, do not differ, though theorists have sometimes defended statecraft as an art of short-sighted national selfishness. The final condemnation of Bismarckism is not that it takes 'utility' for its good, and insists that all national conduct is legitimate which makes for that good. Its real intellectual and moral fallacy lies in an interpretation of national utility which leaves out all that counts most in the worth, true power, prosperity, and progress of a nation. A statesman who bends all his efforts to secure, by hard, selfish

use of physical force, some narrowly conceived material gains of trade or territory during the present generation, at the cost of antagonising other nations, is not to be blamed for seeking the 'good' of his own nation, and applying every method of expediency to attain it. His fault lies in a misconception of the national welfare, of the part which moral forces play in securing it.

There is nothing in the ethics of politics different from the ethics of other human co-operation. Wherever a man enters into stable agreement with his fellows to seek a common end by organised means, he undertakes to act and speak differently from what he would had he not entered this fellowship. He must no longer be judged by the standards rightly applied to him in his 'private' life, for in this sphere of life he is no longer a private person but a member of a new moral personality. He may, indeed, be charged with an excessive sacrifice, a 'slavery to party,' and such partisanship is a real moral danger. So, too, the party or company to which he has attached himself may be chargeable with tyranny, or perfidy, or other vice, and he, as a member, will incur in his social capacity a share of the blame. But the view of political morality which treats

the conduct of a Government, a party, or any other company, as if its agents or members had retained all the private liberty and responsibility which they possessed before they entered its service, is manifestly false. Those who are so deeply concerned about the politician's soul should bear in mind this difference between a politician and a mere man.

OUR LOST ROMANCE

DURING the last few weeks* the Peers have done the people a wrong more irreparable than the stoppage of supplies or the breaking of the Constitution. We are a romantic people. From earliest childhood we have been nurtured upon the chronicles of court and castle, the pageant of past ages has been wrought into our imagination by the glorious deeds and the majestic figures of noblemen who, by their pre-eminence in war and government, by their patronage of learning and commerce, appear as the saviours of their country. No equalitarian sentiments were allowed an entrance into this romantic history: it was undiluted hero-worship: princes, dukes, and lords by right divine and personal ascendency moulded the destiny of the common people. The glamour of feudalism has never been expelled from our

* January 1910.

emotional system. The magnificent heritage of our poetic literature has gone to feed it: our popular theology, under the same lordly patronage, has planted the same feudal sentiments in Heaven and Hell, summoning the next world to support the inequalities of this. Think of all that Spencer, Shakespeare, Milton, Scott, have done to inform and ennoble this romance. Nor has it lacked more spontaneous popular support. The heart and imagination of the people responded to the appeal of the court chroniclers and troubadours in their home-spun ballads and folk-tales. The drab life of our people has always cherished this relief. Gallant lords and gay ladies, decked in glorious sheen, emerging from their parks and pleasances in visible magnificence, have always stirred our feelings. Shallow cynics have often derided the snobbishness of this worship of rank: paradoxists have played with its prevalence by feigning that no one loves a lord like 'your Radical.' But if the essence of snobbishness is, as Thackeray declares, 'mean admiration of mean objects,' the charge does not really lie. For the nobles we have fashioned for us from our chronicles, our drama, and our fiction, are not mean. They are great and radiant

beings, stronger and braver than ourselves, their women more beautiful and better dressed, they are even wiser in counsel and more expressive in their speech. The disillusionising influence of education has doubtless gone some way to sow scepticism among the middle classes. Ouida's noble guardsmen and Disraeli's duchesses no longer ring true for the high-school girl of to-day. But for the masses the glamour still remains. Nay, there is some reason to believe that the new-found liberty of reading print has served among the town-bred workers to give fresh vigor to the romance of aristocracy. Two generations of *Bow Bells* and the *Family Herald*, with their more recent congeners, have not wrought in vain: no rationalism, no Radicalism, no realism, has gone far to dispel the fascination of high life as it appears in the sumptuous setting of this novelette.

In rudely dispelling this protective atmosphere of romance, our lords do not, we fear, quite recognise the shock they are inflicting, or the new danger they incur. A sudden plunge from so elevated a romance into a realism so sober—or, shall we say, so sordid?—is at least a risky proceeding. Romance never claimed from the aristocracy

a standard of conduct inhumanly high, or morals that were immaculate. On the contrary, our 'barbarians' were always accorded a barbarian licence: it was even part of the enjoyment of the romance to attribute to them lapses or irregularities which among ordinary citizens were highly reprehensible. The tamest dog has left in him some kick against the shackles of 'conventional morality': though he may not indulge in such recklessness or impropriety himself, he is not unwilling to acknowledge a class of 'super-men' to whom these things are permitted. So we have always agreed that there are faults, vices, even crimes, which seem appropriate to the romance of aristocracy. The Duke of Cœur-de-Lion or the Marquis of Steyne might, nay, should, have mysterious blots upon his scutcheon; the Marquis of Bagwig may keep his mistresses, not too openly, and be 'none the worse'; Lord Glenlivat or Lord Nozoo may gamble away the family estate over horses or cards, and it is a natural episode in the life of a member of this decorative order. The term 'decorative,' perhaps better than any other, describes the modern setting of the peerage in the popular imagination. We do not now seriously look for deeds of personal prowess,

and though willing easily to accord them leadership in politics, we do not demand scientific statecraft. The consent of the people to the existence of a House of Lords, as to the retention of feudal landlordism throughout the country, has in modern times rested on this sentimental and traditional regard for a decorative fringe to the common life, something that should give color, leadership, and spectacle. To get this, they were prepared to sanction opulence and extravagance, without inquiring into 'origin of income.' Their noses kept close to the grindstone, the people have wanted to see some easy living, and some open-handed generosity. They liked to think of these bright beings, as of sporting dogs or pedigree cattle, the families of ancient or imputed lineage, licensed to a life of sport, luxury, and pleasure. John Bull could afford to pay for this sort of thing, and he chose to do so, so long as he got his money's worth in sentimental enjoyment. If here and there among them was a 'black Earl,' or a spendthrift Marquis, the order did not really suffer in his estimation: secretly, he felt rather proud of the spirit which ran to such excess. That a Duke should bifurcate in his domestic life was quite allowable, provided it was not

formally made public, and it is not long since 'drunk as a lord' carried with it a distinct note of admiration.

One thing only these lords of romance must not do: they must not descend to the common level of reality. We love to think of them as scions of a fighting, hunting, gambling, sporting race. We are not particular about the origin of their illustrious house: We like to hear how in some dim earlier age some service of love or war rendered by ancestor or ancestress to an English monarch raised them to their high estate, though we readily condone the more sordid services to throne or party which in later and degenerate days form a more usual origin. Until the last few weeks the fabric of this romance was not seriously impaired. All of a sudden its owners have by their own reckless act brought it to ruin, and they stand to-day within its bare walls stripped of all the armor of illusions which served so well to maintain their power and privileges. While they stood upon their honorable pedestals, no one thought of looking at their feet of clay. Dim rumor might associate them with the ownership of city slums or village death-traps, the wealth they squandered might have continued to flow

from taprooms, sweating factories, and the ill-requited toil of thousands of those whom we never really reckoned as their fellow men. They stood so high aloof from the world; even the underlings and agents of a Duke or Marquis were men of consequence who touched the sordid details of trade and industry through a chain of lesser men. All this intermediate support has now suddenly collapsed. The House of Lords debate showed us some eighty jug and bottle lords, directors and shareholders of breweries and distilleries, gathered round their chairmen to defend their right to batten on the degradation of the people. Several hundred rent-receivers gathered there confederate, to dodge their contribution to the upkeep of the State which had at any rate always served them well. Some scores of financiers and rich manufacturers were voluble with sophistry to spare their well-lined purses at the expense of their customers or victims. What a lifting of the veil! These heroes of romance were all out for cash, it would appear, land speculators looting the public purse by supplying sites at inflated prices, driving hard bargains with little shopkeepers or agricultural labourers, speculators in 'tied' houses, or 'something in the City'—anything

but the magnificent idlers we mistook them for. In this realistic attitude they took their stand, not for the privileges of their order, not for the right to feed the reverential spirit of an admiring multitude, but for hard cash. Had they stopped there, all might not have been lost. Audacious orators among them might have saved at least some shreds of majesty for the Peers of England. In their House, at least, they stood in the collective glory of their sacred order. The commonality were not yet made familiar with the very human nature of a lord. The full process of disillusionment began when peers by scores stood on the schoolroom platform airing their English undefiled before the amazed ears of tradesmen and artisans. Insolence, a mere bravado of defiance, might have been consistent with a certain dignity at least of bearing; argument, had they been able to sustain it, might at least have served some educative purpose. Had they left the setting of their case to their few trained statesmen, recovery had still been possible. But dozens of wild peers, making a free exhibition of their stable-talk and their Eton manners *coram populo*, bandying epithets with voices from a crowd, and getting their facts and arguments punctured by the shrewder wit

of a bucolic hearer—this is surely the death-knell of our romance. Never again shall we utter with bated breath the name of a duke; a marquis will in future be little more than a man: and earls and barons will hardly be distinguishable from Dick or Harry. How completely the invaluable asset of romance has been squandered by these weeks of common selfishness may, we think, be tested by the instinctive grin which would appear on the face of the dullest citizen who was invited by Lord Salisbury to accept his description of the House of Lords as 'an independent body—with a great sense of responsibility—doing its utmost to interpret and consider the wishes and views of the country.'

THE TWO ENGLANDS

WHEN Disraeli, in his *Sybil*, applied the phrase 'two nations' to the social cleavage between the gentry and the working classes, it would never have occurred to him to draw a sharp line of geographical demarcation. Mrs Gaskell's imagination and keen popular sympathies were, indeed, powerfully impressed by the contrast between the soft and picturesque feudalism of the Southern counties and the bare, grim, striving realism of the new Lancashire beginning to assert its proud claim to be 'the workshop of the world.' But the full political significance of the contrast still lay in the tolerably distant future. For the narrow restriction of the franchise kept the control of politics in the hands of the aristocracy and the middle classes, and the profitable, though expensive, game between ruling Whig and Tory families was played according to time-honoured rules at each general election. The populace had

very little 'say,' though the rumblings of a slow-wakening Demos in the great chaotic factory and mining regions of the North and Midlands began at times to disturb the dreams of the nobles, sporting squires, and new industrial magnates who ruled England. The several extensions of the franchise since the great Reform period, though shifting the balance of political parties so as to make Liberalism more and more identical with industrial Britain, Conservatism with rural Britain, never made the geographical cleavage very clean and clear until the general election of this year. A glance at the electoral maps showing the division of parties even after 1885, when it might be thought that the political opposition between the well-to-do classes and the workers had been made tolerably manifest, exhibits no plain, consistent testimony to the contrast between North and South, which stands out in glaring colour from the latest record of electoral opinion.

The explanation is, of course, that the current of our politics has never run in any logical bed of clear, conscious ideas or interests. Though 'the condition of the people,' and the achievement of certain plain demands of humanity and justice disclosed by

the pressure of heavy grievances ought, in theory, to have dominated political procedure ever since household franchise was obtained, this has not been the case. Secondary issues of domestic policy, grave conflicts due to the composite nature of our Empire and its aggrandisement, have served decade after decade, to delay and to distract the deep moving forces which made for a division of political parties along lines of industrial geography. The slump of Imperialism which succeeded the disillusionment of the Boer War, the long spell of unbroken peace in Europe, the discord and unreality disclosed in what we may term the typical middle-class issues of education, temperance, and disestablishment, have brought to the front of practical politics with a rush a series of potent working-class demands for land and industrial reforms, for public provision against poverty and unemployment by honest and effective remedies, and for a finance which shall relieve the workers from injurious taxation, deriving the public revenue from the unearned and superfluous incomes of the well-to-do. The political field being, for a few years clear from other distracting issues, this array of working-class demands has had opportunity to shape itself into something

like a social-political scheme. To the rich and privileged classes, and their intellectual mercenaries, it is the spectre 'Socialism' advancing to lay unhallowed hands upon the sanctities of private property, and to bring the entire social fabric to the ground. Nor is it wholly unnatural that the demands of the enfranchised workers should have this appearance to the uneducated upper classes in our Southern pleasure towns and our cathedral cities, to the West End clubman and the London city man, whose personal contact with the human factors of industrial England is too slight and too remote to protect his mind against the emotional suggestions of his scare-press.

We are not concerned to deny that there is some substance in his fears. We hope there is; for the contrast between the two Englands, disclosed so dramatically by this general election, points to a state of facts and feelings which constitutes a real danger to our State. Wherever industrialism is organised and concentrated, upon the great coalfields of Lancashire and Yorkshire, Derbyshire, Northumberland, and Durham, not to mention South Wales, the greatest intensity of Liberalism and Laborism is found. The textile, machine-making, and mining constitu-

encies yield, almost invariably, the largest Liberal majorities, carrying with them, in most instances, the neighbouring semi-agricultural electorates. Scotland and the Northern counties in England, Yorkshire, Lancashire, Durham, Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Derbyshire, and Cheshire, return 175 Liberal and Labour men to 54 Unionist. Hardly less concentrated is the Unionist force in the Home and Southern counties. Kent, Surrey, Sussex, Hertfordshire, and Huntingdon are held entirely by them, while Middlesex and Warwickshire show only one Liberal seat. All the old cathedral cities, excepting one or two large industrial centres, such as Durham, Norwich, and York, nearly every dockyard and service town, the watering-places, and other pleasure resorts, the county towns throughout the South, the old market towns, controlling so many Southern constituencies, cast substantial majorities for the Unionists. But it is needless to labour the facts of what amounts to a new political situation. In substance, it is the setting of consumers' England against producers' England.

We do not, of course, suggest that the bulk of the electorate in the Southern counties are not engaged in working for their living.

But the social organisation and the character of the South are determined, to a predominant degree, by the well-to-do and largely leisured classes, who use this part of England as a place of residence and a playground in which their socially reputable sports and pastimes and their 'social functions' may be conducted with dignity and pleasure. The incomes expended by this leisure class are dissociated from any present exertions on their part, and are mainly derived from the investments in industrial England or in other countries. The professions and industries which flourish in the South are, in the main, dependent upon the expenditure of these parasitic classes. Moreover, this dependence is tolerably conscious, leading, in the more desireable residential districts, to a new feudalism, in which the will and the demands of the moneyed class openly determine and control the occupations of the people, who consist mostly of retail traders, small tenant farmers; with ill-paid labourers, and numbers of small local industries supplying the requirements of local consumers. The only large, widespread industry, building, is, in structure and operation, separated from the great manufacturing and mining trades, and its instability weakens the independence of its employees. All over the

South there is a great gulf between gentry and working-classes, which a class of peculiarly servile shopkeepers does little to bridge.

How different are the external structure and the spirit of society in the North! Though everywhere there exists a well-to-do class, it is largely engaged in organising and directing industry, and remains in close personal and human contact with the masses of the people. Nor does it exercise, either by its money, its social prestige, or its habits and valuations, a degree of control which approaches that exercised by the class of 'conspicuous leisure' and 'ostentatious waste' in the South. For the actual predominance in the industrial North is held by a force which has no existence in the South, the great associated artisan class, the comparatively well-paid, intelligent, and energetic groups of factory operatives, miners, foundrymen, engineers, and other workers whose conditions of employment and of living evoke energy of mind and educate them in habits of co-operative action towards common ends.

This new force of associated labour has been slow and reluctant to adopt the machinery of party politics as a necessary instrument for the attainment of its ends. It is only within the last decade that the

necessity of a definite political activity has firmly imposed itself upon the mind of all seriously disposed working class leaders. The recent election discloses the first-fruits of this plain resolve. Vainly does the Southern Tory politician wave before this mass-mind of organised labour the tariff flag, contrived and coloured so as to lure him from his plain path of advance. The unskilled workers in the southern cities, prey to the publican and servile to the sway of the 'hall,' are won over in shoals to the protective device which represents the post-bellum endeavour to captivate the imagination of the workers and divert them from the threatened reform of 'property' which is involved everywhere in the new Radicalism. The wisdom of the people, which comes into being and expresses itself through organised association, has shown itself here a powerful prophylactic. The united voice of the industrial North has even impressed the ears of the South: parasitism, is, from its very nature, timid. It would take little to convert this timidity into panic. It is, however, to be hoped that timidity may yield to discretion, and not provoke the fiercer political spirit of the North. We do not think that the Government itself has yet fully realised the

magnitude of this new controlling force in progressive politics, the obligations it imposes, and the new power it generates for the execution of those labours of constitutional and social reform to which the Ministry is formally committed.

THE SACRED RAGE OF THE PEOPLE

THE blaze of indignation that has swept from one end of the civilised world to the other, from Paris to Montevideo, on hearing the tidings of the execution of Señor Ferrer, is significant in various ways. In the first place, it is a vindication of what we may term the inherent virtue of the people. Historians and sociologists have been too prone to dwell upon a certain susceptibility to sheer brutality, and to baser suggestions of blind ferocity which they attribute as dominant motives to the collective mind. A crowd, they argue, is a lower organ of humanity than its individual constituents, its emotions and its conduct are more irrational and more unjust, unfounded fears and suspicions operate as more potent irritants, it rushes into violent action and always repents too late. Even when for the visible chance crowd we

substitute popular opinion, the same faults are found by those who from conviction, interests, or temper are enemies of democracy. For in this analysis of the general mind it is nothing else than the whole cause of democracy that is at stake. If the people in its aggregate capacity is irredeemably ferocious, credulous, and incapable of self-control, it is difficult to maintain that the ultimate control of government is better left in their hands than in those of some oligarchy of superior persons trained to act upon their individual judgment, and perhaps possessed of enough goodwill to keep in check their selfish proclivities.

It is because it affords a practical refutation of this partial judgment of the popular mind that we are glad to witness this powerful display of the popular sense of justice. There is in every people a wisdom, an instinctive intelligence and a passion for right, a veritable voice of God. It is often beclouded, poisoned, and perverted to mean ends. But in the suggestion which works so powerfully upon the popular mind there is almost always a nucleus of sound passion; the mob of lynchers is goaded to a not wholly ignoble fury of sympathy with the victim of some cruel deed; 'Mafficking' itself, with its

degrading orgies, has its kernel of perverted patriotism.

The people is better as well as worse than its individuals, a crowd is capable of nobler judgments and greater heroism than its average member. Superior persons who sneer at or denounce the voluble indignation of ignorant folk who hardly know the place of Spain upon the map, and never heard the name of Ferrer until last week, only convict themselves of the ignorance which belongs to their superiority. It is true that this popular judgment is not based on a cool consideration of detailed evidence: it is largely instinctive. But the instinct is not so blind, so ill-informed, as is represented. The plain lessons of the secular struggle for toleration and for liberty are branded by just, though formless, traditions upon the minds of millions who have never heard of Lord Acton or buried themselves in the archives of national history. The unholy alliance of Church and State for the suppression of free thought, free speech, free Press, and free action, is perhaps the greatest, the most potent, the most oppressive iniquity that history discloses through the ages, and even in the most liberal countries to-day the forces of reaction are constantly working towards re-establishing in some new

shape this famous confederacy of spiritual authority and physical power. It needs no minute research into the methods of judicial inquiry prevalent in Spain to recognise in the legal assassination of Ferrer a modern instance of a once familiar procedure. Those who lecture the peoples for their want of self-control say they ought to accept the informed judgment of the tribunal which must be presumed to have before it facts and evidence of criminal intent not publicly disclosed as yet. But it is this procedure, the secrecy, the preference of a military for a civil court, the selection of witnesses, the hurrying of the execution, that furnish the substance of our indignation.

It is not, as some foolish persons suggest, a sign of growing anarchism that leads our great cities to organised protest against this action of the Government of Spain. On the contrary, this protest is the most powerful testimony that could be given to the growing recognition of the modern State as a standard and security of justice. In earlier times, nay, in times not remote, such acts of a State were so common as to awaken less indignation and no surprise. The most Christian monarchs employed false charges, cooked evidence, and hurried executions, as usual methods of

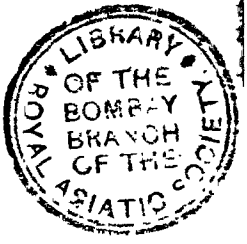
dealing with the propagators of dangerous doctrine: the Church used the secular arm freely and openly to rid her of her enemies. We cannot affect surprise that the Church and the compliant Government of Spain should have failed to recognise that the age has gone when these things can be done with ease and impunity. For the force of the indignation of the civilised world against the judicial outrage in a little known country has surprised those who are in sympathy with the movement. It is, in the first place, a new testimony to the solidarity of labour. For though the shock of the outrage was felt among all classes of the nations, it is significant that the working-class organisations have everywhere and alone exerted themselves to give immediate and vigorous expression to their sentiments. Others have followed their lead. In some ways it is to be regretted that the public manifestation of an almost universal feeling should have been left so exclusively to the spokesmen of the Extreme Left. But any such consideration is outweighed by the revelation that the parties of urgent discontent in every land join in demanding plain public justice as the first and most urgent duty of the State. This sense for justice is the basis of demo-

cracy, and it is only natural that it should find earliest and most vehement expression among the workers, who in every country are still most exposed to the dangers of an officialism wielded by class or creed, and who see in liberty of speech and education the best security against such abuses of power. This internationalism of moral sympathy is not the mere vapid sentiment which some represent it to be. The official answers of Foreign Ministers still belong to the era of separatism which ever asks 'Am I my brother's keeper?' International relations on their formal side still remain so inchoate that no open expostulation with a foreign Government is possible, unless it be covered by the assertion of some special interest upon the part of the intervening nation, or unless the erring State be very feeble or very backward. But the international character of this ferment of feeling must be itself a factor of growing import in the relations of States and Governments. Perhaps the time may even be approaching when it will be recognised, not merely as the right, but even as the duty, of the responsible statesmen in the foremost civilised nations to denounce as disturbers of the international peace Governments which commit or permit atrocities that

shock the conscience of humanity and stir dangerous emotions of riot and distrust throughout the civilised world.

It is profoundly to be desired that the keen general sense of justice widespread among the peoples should grow so strong and find such vigorous expression as to compel their Governments to seek modes of realising in peaceable forms of representation this reality of the moral and emotional solidarity of nations. The enlistment of the Labour movement in the different nations in this cause of humanity is an admirable rejoinder to those who charge it with materialism, class-hatred, and anarchic tendencies. For the agitation has evinced in the workers the most passionate conviction that the State stands first for justice, that the education of the people is their truest and safest method of advance, and that the martyr for education is even more sacred than the soldier who suffers or is slain in the narrower political and economic struggle. But while such an act as the execution of Ferrer thus testifies to the general conviction of the supremacy of justice in the State, its criminality lies in the direct lead it gives to anarchism in Spain. It is a right feeling which regards this cold, calculated iniquity on the part of a State as

an incomparably worse crime than the maniacal or desperately reckless act of the individual bomb-thrower. The one is a comparatively feeble assault upon the fortress of the State from without, the other a betrayal from within. A State, which thus implicitly declares that it is not strong enough or wise enough to stand upon right, has *ipso facto* abandoned its moral claim upon the respect and obedience of the people. Its spiritual foundations are sapped, and an abandonment to such a policy of terror, each instance inducing another by a fatal chain of vicious causation, must in time come to extinguish any claim it may have had upon the comity of nations.



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